

July 18, 1925

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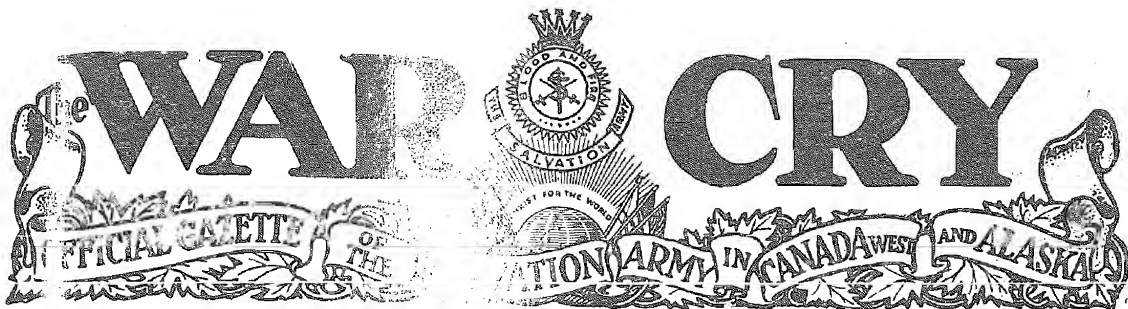
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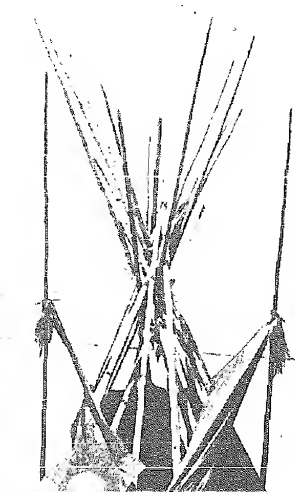
BOOTH, Founder
L. BOOTH, General

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July 25, 1925

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



The Salvation Army Among The Redskins

Colonel and Mrs. Knott visited the Indian encampment at Macleod, Alberta, during the recent stampede and with other Comrades held an Open-Air Meeting which was largely attended by the Indians. (See page 7)

The Light that Guides

Over the World's tempestuous Sea

Shut Off the Taps

Daily Bible Meditations

By BRIGADIER J. NEWTON PARKER, Retired

Faith in the Night as Well as the Day

Sunday, Matt. 25: 1-13. "They that were ready went in with Him to the marriage; and the door was shut." This parable teaches the need of continued watchfulness if we would be ready for the Saviour's Second Coming. The foolish virgins had sufficient oil if the bridegroom came soon, but not enough for long waiting. To make sure of being present at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, we need not only the watchfulness of excitement but that also of "patient continuance in well doing."

Monday, Matt. 25: 14-30. "Those that have been faithful over a few things." A wise man has said, "A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a great thing." Can you be depended on in your home or wherever you work, to be faithful in the small, behind-the-scenes' duties? God takes notice of these hidden things, for nothing is small in His sight.

Tuesday, Matt. 25: 31-46. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to Me." We are sometimes inclined to be self-satisfied when we do some little service for the Master, but forget that when we neglect a duty, we may be neglecting Christ Himself. Let us be on our guard today that we do not pass Him by, through failing to take a chance of serving one of His little ones. None so poor but have some love to shower. On poorer than themselves, and this is power.

Wednesday, Matt. 25: 1-13. "An alabaster box of very precious ointment." The disciples thought Mary most wasteful. The world still says the same when some talented, beautiful life is poured out for the Master's service. But He, who never sought anything for Himself, saw Mary's deep love behind the gift, and valued it accordingly, and her gift has helped the world.

Thursday, Matt. 26: 14-25. "Lord, is it I?" The world very rightly throws scorn on Judas for selling his Lord and Master, but let us beware that we do not fall into the same sin. By continuing to do what we know to be wrong, we can "crucify" the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." God forbid that we should ever do this!

Friday, Matt. 26: 26-35. "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out." So closed the sweet, sad, sacred fellowship of the Saviour's last Passover with His disciples. With a song of praise on His lips the Man of Sorrows went forth to face Gethsemane's dark agony and Calvary's shameful Cross. May His Spirit help us to so meet any sorrow or sacrifice that may be in the Father's will for us.

Saturday, Matt. 26: 36-46. "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me." We all long for the presence of those we love to support our spirits in life's dark hours. The Saviour's three disciples did tarry but they failed to watch. How His finding them asleep must have added to His sense of grief and loneliness! We, too, are called to watch with Him, by bringing cheer and comfort to the sick and sorrowful and hope and encouragement to those hard beset by temptation. May we not fail Him in this!

Worth Remembering

If you want to make friends, interest yourself in the affairs of others—don't try to interest them in yours.

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind on an even keel than doing thoroughly the thing in hand.

Good manners demand three things, self-control, self-denial and self-respect.

Some people put off till to-morrow what should have been done last week.

THERE are almost unlimited possibilities for man physically, mentally and spiritually if he will stop the leaks. Many lives, like the waters of some rivers, all run to waste.

If the tanks of the Standard Oil Company had open faucets near their bases, there would soon be no oil in them, and the wasted oil would damage the land, be a danger to man, and a loss to the world.

Leaks must be stopped to accomplish the most in life. Hunt them up and find a way to stop them. Think for yourself. If you cannot care for yourself, how can you care for others?

God has made us for development. He gives us opportunities to see what we will do with them. The faucets of His laws are given to us, and we leave them closed or open them. If we open them, the oil of life runs out in hundreds of ways, and the Devil sets them on fire to destroy ourselves and others.

Getting out of Tune

Among the physical leaks is getting out of tune or rhythm with God's natural laws. Men instead of controlling themselves and using their heads, rush, hurry, scold and drive, and hurt themselves and make it hard for others.

Some overwork, keep their nerves under high tension, injure their bodies, do poor work and shorten their lives. Don't be lazy, but use only necessary tension. Relax to your work, relax when not working, and if very tired, relax until you can rest, and then rest. Don't ask how, but do it.

The world has the habit of doing useless things. In this as in other wrong things, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." Idleness and time spent on useless things, are time wasters. Millions kill time. To God such must give account.

Another leak is doing things in the most laborious way. Men do not find ways of saving steps. They use many movements to do things, where few would do. They distract their minds trying to remember things to be done, instead of putting them down and doing them. Learn personal efficiency, or how to do things in the best, easiest and quickest ways. It can't be done without effort, but it will pay.

Useless thinking is a mental leak. We have power to control our minds, but often allow them to go like a runaway horse that smashes into every thing; an inquisitive dog, that sticks his nose to every touchable thing. If our minds will run, very well; we can control them, and say which way.

Some are always thinking on the same line. This makes experts, but these can be better made, and the mind better developed by change. The body cannot be properly developed by

only kicking with the foot. By proper change a man can live longer, and do nearly three instead of one man's work.

A cruel mental leak is thinking on wrong lines, and leading others astray in body, mind, and soul. Not all human wrecks are self-made. Thousands are the making of others. Are you wrecking others' lives?

Not praying is equivalent to a spiritual leak for it doesn't take in. Those who do not pray, get hungry. They lose their spiritual pep; become lean; get spiritual rheumatism, tuberculosis, heart disease and, yes, at last they die. They starve to death. God has spread His table with the best of Heaven and earth. Why not help yourselves?

Through indefiniteness, having no target, no object, no definite aim, work becomes almost useless. In Salvation, Holiness, Soldiers', Open-Air and Junior Meetings; in singing, praying, testifying, preaching, fishing, have a target, take aim, fire. Definiteness and practice have raised the efficiency of the United States Navy more than 200 per cent. in the last few years.

Not getting things done, is one of the greatest leaks. Why worry, think about things, talk about them, then rest; think about something else, then wish they were done, or you didn't have to do them? Get busy and do them, and learn the thrill of doing things. Your reward will come some day. Get things done.

Our leaks damage ourselves, our homes and the world. Waste is the great destroyer of life's work; and work undone may lead to the damnation of thousands forever in Hell. Shut off the taps.

Love Your Work

Work. You can't afford to waste your life. When you work, do with your might what your hands find to do, and then relax. Love your work and make it play for what it will do for you and others. Would the world might see the blessedness of work.

Stop mental waste. Improve in every way you can. Turn your thinker in the right direction, and make it do what you want done. Double, triple and quadruple your usefulness. Increase life's service for others from 30 to 70%. You can do it, for you are made that way; but you will have to turn off the leaks.

Consecrate yourself, all there is, to God. Give yourself, your powers, your time, your talents, your way—all, and make that all as big as God's help as you can. Give all these forever to God; make the eternal choice. In this go to the bottom, and knock the bottom out. Don't half do things. Having done this, don't over-do, but work, and do something for God, the world and yourself.

beautiful array, but others will come and he made quite as welcome who will be dressed in rags. Well, well," says he, "so long as I may see the king's face, and sit at the king's table, I will enter among the beggars."

So, without any further mourning because he had lost his silken habit, he put on the rags of a beggar, and he had worn his scarlet and fine linen. And so I bid you do the same; if you cannot come as a saint, come as a suppliant—only do come, and you shall receive joy and peace; for there is mercy in the Lord, and those who seek Him shall find.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Come as a Beggar

A certain king was accustomed on set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him sat his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dared not put it on, and he felt: "I cannot go to the king's feast today, for my robe is foul."

He sat weeping, till the thought struck him: "Tomorrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers, happily decked in their

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small. Prov. 24: 10.

Surely we cannot have very much faith if we faint when sorrows come; our strength cannot be worth very much if it only holds us firm when things are going well; when there is no trouble, and when days are fair and the sun is shining.

It is the dark hour which calls for our strength, for the power to withstand the gale of difficulty which would play havoc with our belief and wreck our soul.

Then it is we can prove those everlasting promises. He Who said, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee," will be with us, no matter how black the future may be. Having this promise can it be possible we should waver or lose courage?

"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy," and if we have faith to believe, He will see that "as our days so shall our strength be."

It may occasionally, and perhaps oftener, happen that our tribulations seem heavier than we can bear, and that they appear to cloud all our future, but the burden will never be heavier than we can carry, and through it all He will never fail.

"Never a burden He cannot bear, Never a Friend like Jesus."

D. O. Joy.

What is the Hindrance?

The telephone rang in my room last night. Picking up the receiver I called "Hello!" Failing to hear an answer I hung up and went into the office where the extension was and picked up the receiver. Not being able to understand what was said I again hung up the receiver. Passing through yet another office, I saw that the receiver there was off the hook. This accounted for my failing to hear clearly.

It is so with God's people as well as with the sinner. They cannot hear the voice of God because there is something intercepting the current—it may be something in their lives which they are unwilling to give up. Whatever it, whether great or small, if it is not in accordance with God's will, it prevents a perfect understanding between God and themselves. —Corps Cadet Violet Boyd, Vancouver I.

How to be Saved

If you earnestly desire to be saved, the way is very plain. No man, woman, or even child of understanding years need say he or she cannot comprehend the way of salvation. The poet put it simply when he said, "The way to Heaven is straight and plain, repent, believe, be born again."

But remember! this is the only way; there are no other roads to Heaven. You may see various sign-posts about, put up by the devil to misguide the wayfarer, but you follow them at your peril. The only way is the way God's Guide Book—the Bible—points out.

There must be real repentance for sin, and a true faith in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Then you will experience the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit in your heart, and you will find that you are, as Paul puts it, "a new creature"; old things will have passed away, and all things become new.

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GOD'S mercies are not just and on the unjust submitted to Him individual.

His work in the heaven, is the work of restoration in them His image. They are sons of God, without rebuke. The skill of the surgeon places himself unreservedly in the work of God in the most entirely submitted to Him.

Work together with God, both to will and to do of His will.

All the difficulties in around the attitude of your heart. I want to make this your holy, not only must you add your will to His.

How is it, my friend? Your rebellion against your conversion. Your out, your active warfare your arms at His feet, and yet you may be with.

Are you mourning because of the enemy, and because of weariness to be free from temptation, enemy with confidence, still overcomes the enemy.

Holiness ensures victory.

The enemy's endeavor is the tempted soul—the day of the will. God's child of temptation he wills to overcome.

Those who like to possess. They often lose all a possible state of holiness. "No one can ask how temptation unless he has to do the best he can to keep.

Some of my readers tell me that temptation is overpowered into serious conflict on the side of the tempter in them something akin to the whole armor of God, sure that the victory shall be theirs that they are without lip triumphing over them, t

A Song in a Cabaret

A LIVELY and enthusiastic Air Meeting had just been held by a small brigade of men on a busy Chicago street corner. The instruments composed the "B" rest helped with their raise the sound of the open above the rattle and confusion of the street. In spite of the opposition music somehow penetrated to the cabaret across the street, he strains, was struck with an

Within the walls of the cabaret were about four hundred men were about four hundred eating and dancing and enjoying entertainment, and it was his see that they were continually, happy and satisfied. I that the group of Salvationists their music and strange attitude furnish a novel surprise for he walked over to the little and asked the lady to come play on his dance floor. Ser man's motive, the leader was refuse, but seeing beyond that a chance to do some good, he on the condition that a solo

WHAT IS HOLINESS?

A New Series by MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

VI.—GOD'S IMAGE RESTORED

GOD'S mercies are new every morning. His sun shines on the just and on the unjust, but only in a heart that is definitely submitted to Him can He complete His work for the individual.

His work in the hearts of those who have responded to His love, is the work of restoration. He wills and He is able to restore them His image. They are to be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke" (Philippians ii. 15).

The skill of the surgeon cannot avail the patient unless he places himself unreservedly in the surgeon's hands; and the highest work of God in the soul can only be effected when the will is entirely submitted to Him.

Work Together with God

This work of restoration can only be accomplished when we work together with God. "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Philippians ii. 13).

All the difficulties in the way of your becoming holy centre around the attitude of your own will. I have already said this; but I want to make this plain beyond all mistaking—if you would be holy, not only must you make no resistance to God's will, but you must add your will to His.

How is it, my Comrade—Bandsman, Songster, Soldier, or friend? Your rebellion against God ceased from the moment of your conversion. Your past is forgiven and forgotten, blotted out, your active warfare against God is over. You have laid down your arms at His feet. This may all be gloriously true of you, and yet you may be without the Blessing of a Clean Heart.

Are you mourning because of the dreaded power of temptation, and because of weakness when tempted? To be holy is not to be free from temptation but to meet each onslaught of the enemy with confidence, strong in the might of a warrior who ever overcomes the enemy.

Holiness ensures unflinching triumph in temptation.

Danger Lies in Assent

The enemy's endeavor is to corrupt the will. The danger to the tempted soul—the danger of falling—lies in a possible assent of the will. *God's child never attains Holiness while in the hour of temptation he wills to sin.*

Those who like to play with temptation do not attain Holiness. They often lose all desire to be holy, and even lose faith in a possible state of Holiness. Ruskin says:

"No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it."

Some of my readers know that before the fight with a particular temptation is over, sometimes, alas! without having entered into serious conflict with the enemy, their will ranges itself on the side of the tempter. They will to sin. The temptation finds in them something akin, some weak spot. They do not put on the whole armor of God, because they do not wholeheartedly desire that the victory shall be His. Yet it cannot be said of them that they are without light, for when the temptation has passed, triumphing over them, they inwardly mourn, they are self-con-

demned. They know that they have done, said, or thought that which is inconsistent with obedience to God.

Let the will take the right attitude towards sin, and victory is assured. One who understands the power of temptation has said, "It takes two to make a temptation. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one I'm ready for before it comes by hankering after it." Yes, it takes two to provide an overmastering temptation, and one of the two is the will of the tempted.

In one of our publications of 1900 are the following words: "I know that Satan goes about seeking whom he may devour, but, while he tempts us, how often have we tempted him? Stealing on unawares, like a lion crouching to the leap, with sudden and unlooked for spring, he may throw himself upon us; but how often have we cast ourselves in his way?"

Oh, how many souls are snared by the tempter just as the wild animal is snared by the trapper! The animal walks around the trap sniffing at the bait. Instinct and experience warn it to be cautious, but finally desire, born of hunger, overmasters it. In the holy soul there is no desire for any bait the enemy may throw. The will is perfectly united with the will of God, and no lingering hunger for the forbidden remains.

Will to be Holy

God wills that you shall be holy. Do you will to be holy? Let me be careful not to mislead anyone. I am not asking you to trust in your unaided will, but to bestow your will upon God, that it may be bound up with His purposes.

Holiness can never be an involuntary state. Only by the exercise of our own will can we benefit by the provision made by God to make us holy.

Holiness is character. Character, in the usually accepted meaning of the term, is not born, it is acquired. It is the result of self-schooling or self-indulgence, the direct outcome of personal effort that is uplifting or debasing.

Character is formed by the life that is lived. The holy character can only be acquired in the same way.

"The strength of a man's virtue is not to be measured by the efforts he makes under pressure, but by his ordinary character;" and in the same way the strength of our Holiness must be gauged by our perpetual victory of spirit over the petty temptations, the small trials and difficulties which we meet with every day.

The Test of Holiness

The test of a pitcher is that it shall hold water, and the test of Holiness is that it should perfectly bear the strain of daily life. Does your ordinary everyday conduct prove to all who know you that you are a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, of holy life? If you will to be holy, neither men nor devils, circumstances nor temptations, will prevent you from becoming holy. The Blessing of a Clean Heart will be yours when you are able to say with your whole heart:

Take my will, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

(To be continued)

A Song in a Cabaret

A LIVELY and enthusiastic Open-Air Meeting had just been launched by a small brigade of men Cadets on a busy Chicago street corner. Five instruments composed the "Band" and the rest helped with their voices to raise the sound of the opening song above the rattle and confusion of the street. In spite of the opposition, the music somehow penetrated the noise and the manager of a fashionable cabaret across the street, hearing the strains, was struck with an idea.

Within the walls of the establishment were about four hundred people, eating and dancing and enjoying the entertainment, and it was his work to see that they were continually entertained, happy and satisfied. Realizing that the group of Salvationists, with their music and strange attire, would furnish a novel surprise for his guests he walked over to the little Brigade and asked the lads to come in and play on his dance floor. Sensing the man's motive, the leader was about to refuse, but seeing beyond the motive a chance to do some good, he agreed on the condition that a solo should be

sung in addition to the playing of the Band.

Four hundred people stopped everything else and stared when seven lads in Salvation Army uniform marched out on the dance floor and started to make the circuit singing and playing "Jesus the Name High Over All." A highly paid professional orchestra laid down their instruments in favor of the Army Band and dancing couples cleared from the floor to make way for the orderly march of the Cadets.

"We have no other argument, We want no other plea, It is enough that Jesus died, And that He died for me."

Perhaps the song sounded strange, following as it did a brilliant number from a high class orchestra, but the people, though puzzled at first, were impressed by the singing with the fact that the Brigade was in earnest.

The announcement was made that a solo would be sung. The spirit of revelry had changed to one of reverence and while the four hundred looked and listened with respect and perhaps amazement, the Training College songbird stood in the middle of

the dance floor which, a few minutes before, had been covered with people concerned only with their own pleasure and enjoyment. "Never a Friend Like Jesus" was the song that broke the unusual silence. The words contained all the feeling and spirit that the Christ-loving and soul-loving Cadet could put into them.

"Jesus, Jesus, never a Friend like Jesus,
He is my King and His praise I'll sing,
Never a Friend like Jesus."

God's Spirit backed up the effort and the effect was deep reaching and noticeable. Many who perhaps had once known the "Friend" dropped their heads with feeling. Others seemed to be covering emotions behind fixed eyes and set features, but there was no indifference. All gave their attention. With a clear voice, marked with earnestness and appeal, the Cadet sang straight to the hearts of the audience. As the song was ended and the little group marched out it was evident that the appreciation of the four hundred was of a deeper character than could be expressed by idle

hand-clapping. There was no applause.

To some of the crowd it was perhaps just another night of entertainment marked by the unusual incident which had somehow stirred them and commanded their respect. To others, perhaps, a rebuke, clear and definite, and a call to a change of life. To the Salvationists it was just another night "on duty."—Chicago "War Cry."

Adding!

Readers who have heard Colonel Alister Smith's stories concerning the Zulu people and Western clothes will be interested in the news concerning a recent girl Convert at the Estill Settlement. She was greatly feared in the district because of her drinking habits and a propensity for fighting, but a few weeks ago she gave her heart to God and has been wonderfully changed. To prove that she was going to follow the Saviour, she added to her old heathen garb a singlet. Her outfit has since been augmented with further "Christian clothes" and the former drunkard promises to become a sterling Salvationist.

fight as Well Day

the day of small, Prov. 2:10, have very much sorrows; but be worthy of us firm men; when the sun days are for which call for power to difficulty with our belief and

prove those who said, "I or forsake" the matter how much having this power we should water

pitiful and of if we have faith see that "as our strength be." tribulations we can bear, and cloud all our future will never be can carry, and will never fail. He cannot bear, like Jesus." D. O. Joy.

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s people as well they cannot hear because there is- ing the current- g in their lives willing to give up, a great or small, dance with God's effect understand- themselves. — Boy, Vancouver

Saved

desire to be no very plain. No child of un- need say he or end the way of t put it simply way to Heaven repent, be-

his is the only other roads to see various put up by the e wayfarer, but your peril. The y God's Guide- ints out. real repentance e faith in the rist; Then you e regenerating Spirit in you and that you a new crea- ill have pass- become new.

WITH OUR FLAG IN OTHER LANDS

At the Drum-head

Open-Air Conversions Encouraging
Feature of Work in West Indies

The work of soul-saving continues throughout the West Indies Territory in an exceptionally encouraging manner (writes Lieut.-Colonel Barr, Chief Secretary), and the number who seek Salvation at the drum-head are convincing evidence of the deeply spiritual character of our outdoor operations.

A report from La Boca, in the Panama Division, just to hand, states that two well-known characters, a man and a woman, both very much under the influence of drink, listened to a recent Open-Air Meeting, at the close of which they both knelt at the drum and cried to God for pardon. They are already eagerly testifying to the keeping power of God and have themselves become soul-winners.

Referring to the Probation and Prison Work, the Colonel tells the story of a girl whose home conditions were such that she was developing vicious and undesirable qualities. A few weeks ago she was handed over to the Army's care, and when the Colonel called upon the Administrator-General the other day, that gentleman congratulated him upon the change that was already apparent in the girl, and asked, "What do you do with them?"

When the Colonel explained, and also pointed out that that kind of work was being carried on with equal success by the Army in all parts of the world, his questioner could only shake his head and admit that he could not understand the secret.

Belgian Congress

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Peyron
Preside Over Rousing Campaign

The Annual Belgian Congress was this year conducted by Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Peyron, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Barrett and several Officers from the French Territory. Major Muller and his staff had everything arranged well, so that the Meetings were a great success.

On Sunday the Commissioner conducted a Holiness Meeting in the Army Hall at Brussels, and in the afternoon there were two very interesting Open-Air Meetings. For the rousing Salvation Meeting in the evening the Hall was full to overflowing.

Monday's gatherings in the Municipal Hall at Marchiennes were most impressive. At ten o'clock the march through the principal streets of the city, and with the Flags of the different Corps flying, four Bands—those of Brussels, Marchiennes, Quaregnon, and Lodelinsart—took part. At the end of the Meeting several persons knelt at the mercy-seat.

In the afternoon the Young People gave a demonstration, and at night a great Salvation Meeting was held. The Songster Brigades from Quaregnon and Lodelinsart rendered good service. Officers' Councils followed on Tuesday, and on Thursday the Commissioner presided over a Drawing-room Meeting of the most select people of Marchiennes.

A Pathetic Incident

A pathetic incident is related by an Officer, of a child found on the streets of Bombay, India, recently. She was eleven years of age, but weighed only fifteen pounds. It transpired that during the recent distress in South India the child's parents had lost their possessions, and the family, all in a weakened condition, travelled northwards, hoping to find better fortune. At one of the stations, this little child was inadvertently left behind, and it was some time before her parents missed her. They were then too weak to search for her. The little girl begged for food, but not belonging to that part of the country she fared badly. The Officer took her home and cared for her, but her condition was so serious that she was removed to hospital where she passed away, starvation being the cause of death.

Watering Barren Soil

Work Among the Doms in Northern India Produces
Gratifying Results and Promises Much More

AWAY up on the northern borders of the Territory, in distant sight of the Himalayas, is situated the Chauterwa Settlement, which is occupied by an erstwhile tribe, numbering some 200 souls—the Doms. These people were handed over to the Army by the Government of India a few years ago, and the work of reclaiming them has been so successful that the Government has decided to extend our property here. Another bungalow, to accommodate more European Officers, is actually in course of erection, and in the very near future 200 more Doms will be handed over to the Army's care.

Weaving, in various branches, is taught, and also agriculture, thereby putting into the hands of the settlers the means of earning an honest livelihood, so that they may cease to terrorize their wealthier and law-abiding neighbors with dacoity (armed gang robbery), thus creating trouble and the expense of needing police oversight.

At Saidpur, some 300 miles up the line from Calcutta, we have another Criminal Settlement. Here the Karwal Nuts, a people much more difficult to handle than the Doms, are in residence. The writer, who spent several days at this Settlement, was much impressed by the devotion of the people to their Officers. So marked has been the success of Army methods, together with the devoted labor of our comrades, that at a recent Durbar, held in Calcutta, our services were recognized in a practical manner by the bestowal of the Kaiser-Hind Silver Medal for Public Service in India upon the Adjutant in charge of the Settlement. The population of this Settlement numbers some 300 men, women,

and children. Forty hand-weaving looms are in daily operation at Saidpur, worked chiefly by men and boys, while the women have become efficient upon the sewing machine. The older residents do beautiful embroidery and drawn-thread work, taught them by an Officer transferred from the Women's Social Work in Australia. This work and the product of the looms is disposed of throughout the Territory by an American comrade, Adjutant Pay, the Settlement salesman.

When we first took over these people we had, of course, to feed and clothe them. They were all constitutionally opposed to work, because for generations it was a thing unknown to, and abhorred by, them.

"Why work?" they asked, "when you can go out at night, and, if you are quick, clever, and silent, take all you want in gold and silver ornaments, and then sell or trade them for food and clothes in the bazaars?" Love and patience and prayer has won great victories, and now all, with the exception of the old and infirm, are earning their living by the labor of their hands in honest toil.

The Government has sanctioned a scheme, put forward by the Territorial Commander, for the segregation of the children of the tribe, and profit from the work of the fathers and mothers will be used for the purchase of land on which to erect a Boarding School for them. Here they will come entirely under the influence of the Army, being educated and taught to earn their living honestly. In this way they will become respectable members of the population of the country, and forget to glory in the notorious deeds committed in the past by their ancestors.

International Newslets

Colonel McInnes, who is on special duty in the Eastern Australian Territory, has just concluded a Campaign in North Queensland, in the course of which he travelled 3000 miles, gave more than 100 addresses, and secured 423 seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

While the American fleet was stationed at Lahina, the Admiral inspected all ship commanders to grant special leave to members of The Salvation Army Navy League, to attend all meetings at Lahina.

Special shore leave was granted for this purpose. Nearly all the members went ashore and the Meeting resulted in twenty souls. We do not know of another instance on record of men attending a special Meeting by radio under the Admiral's instructions.

A wave of soul-saving is sweeping over parts of Sweden, and delightful scenes are being witnessed at Open-Air and indoor Meetings, some of which have continued until after midnight. In three months more than 4,000 seekers have knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

A new large Rescue Home was recently opened in Tientsin, China, Mrs. Ker, the wife of the British Consul General, in declaring the Home opened, paid some very high tributes to the Army work there.

At one Corps in the West of Sweden all the children in one family got saved. When they told their father about their conversion he threw his "tally for alcohol" into the fire, and then, deeply touched, said to his little ones, "Now it remains only for me to go to the Penitent-Form."

Chinese theatres have been put to a new use lately. Frequently Officers have been invited to use the stages of outdoor theatres as platforms from which to tell out the Gospel story. Sometimes they have done so between the acts of the regular performance, thus reaching crowds who might otherwise never stay to listen to the "Jesus Doctrine."

The following endorsement of the Army's work was recently made by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield:

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the good work done by the Salvation Army in its many spheres of labor."

"I have had many proofs of the beneficial results of the Salvationists' efforts, and I strongly commend their work."

A Hindu festival was recently in progress in a village near Ani during which one hundred goats and sheep were sacrificed. On the Sunday, Officers and Soldiers from the Army farm in the neighborhood went into the vicinity of the Festival and conducted Meetings. They were well received and attracted a large audience.

A dental branch has been opened at the Catherine Booth Hospital, Nagercoil, Southern India, and it is proving a great blessing to the people.

Lieut.-Colonel Soper and Brigadier A. E. Swain, from Great Britain are visiting New Zealand and Australia for the purpose of inspecting the Women's Social Institutions.

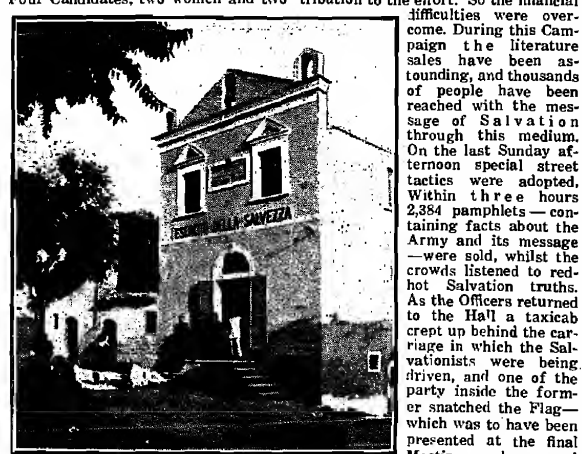
Flag in reserve and the interest in its Dedication was increased rather than diminished by the seemingly hostile action.

The Invasion of Milan

Aggressive Tactics of Salvationists in Italy

A three weeks' Campaign at Milan conducted by Major Ebbs, Commander for Italy, accompanied by a number of Officers and the Cadets, proved a great success. Plans were carefully laid so that the whole of the city was visited, and not a shop, drinking saloon, cafe or open house escaped the Salvation Army invaders. The Meetings were well attended, and thirty-seven seekers came to the Mercy-Seat. Four Candidates, two women and two

men, were secured, the former of whom will enter the Training Garrison in October.

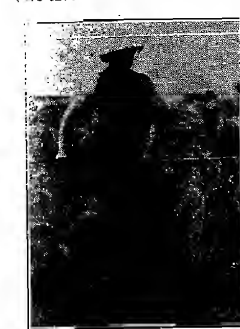


The above building, used as a school, has been erected as a memorial to the Founder, at Faeto, Italy.

TRAIN

Western Canada "Way

happened just right. We played a half day at the Hadfield Colony, and were fortunate enough the very day on which our Territorial Y.P. Secretary, Brigadier, had arranged also to go. Through the instrumentality of Colonel Barr, Secretary at the Foreign Office, we were favored with a note of intro-



Brigadier Sims chats with two

to the Governor of the Colony, Cuthbert, and thus armed, we fast train leaving London at noon.

A little over an hour later, we at Leigh-on-sea, a charming spot, Southend, a place familiar to those in Canada who hail from the Old Here the bus conveyed us to within distance of the Colony, and a day walk through a shady tree-bordered brought us thither. The Governor, absent on business, but his assistant, Brigadier Shaw, gave us cordial welcome. He courteously took to show us around the Colony, incidentally explain how lads inter-

THE wonders of Wembley

I shall describe them? Surely one who has scarcely touched the wondrous array of marvels that from every nook and cranny of the British Empire, and who has limited experience of a single noon's visit. And yet, even so, a visit is sufficient to crowd the mind with lifelong impressions, one's heart to overflowing with love to God for His goodness, and His providence to the Empire, of which Canada is no mean part.

Several miles through the heart of old London, on the motor omnibus, brought us to the destination. The ride occupied an hour, and every moment was with interest.

One could not help but notice that the Army is notable by its Institutions, Buildings and uniforms. At well nigh turn there is something to the stranger that the Organ, an all-able force for God and His in the great metropolis.

"The Army Pavilion?" "Oh, yes, girl! Just go over don Bridge and you'll find it Canada Building," was the from a courteous official in an enquiry, when on the Bridge Exhibition being reconstructed registered another Thither we hastened, but not some difficulty, as on the right and on the left appeared in recession new wonders. In the Building, a dazzling white, turbaned native wood-turner, a piece of furniture, his primitive being deftly manipulated by the of a cross-bow—held tight, nimble toasts. From the Chitling, built pagoda fashion, issued music of one-stringed fiddles, kranal transported one in a moment to South Africa. A scene

TRAINING BOYS FOR CANADA

Western Canada "War Cry" Representative Pays a Visit to Hadleigh Farm Colony and Records His Impressions

BY ADJUTANT W. PUTT

It happened just right. We planned for a half day at the Hadleigh Farm Colony, and were fortunate enough to make the very day on which our genial Honorary Y.P. Secretary, Brigadier Sims, had arranged also to go. Through the instrumentality of Colonel Rauch, Quarter Secretary at the Foreign Office, we were favored with a note of introduction

emigrate to Canada are given a brief, preparatory training for farm life. The Colony, beautiful for situation, is a large estate consisting of over 3,000 acres, including a plateau, points of which are over 200 feet above sea level. The main buildings overlook a magnificent stretch of country, reaching down towards the banks of the historic river Thames. On

period of training in general farm work, and these must pass through the various departments concerned. The qualifications for admittance to the Colony are ability and willingness to work, physical fitness after a month's trial to endure the strain of agricultural laborer's work and compliance with the simple restrictions necessary for the general wellbeing of the Colony.

Our first visit was to the buildings on either side of the main drive. These consisted of offices, dining rooms, residences and a general store at which pur-

The Farm Department was next visited and at this branch we made the acquaintance of several magnificent breeds of livestock. Here the lads learn to handle cattle under experienced workers. Some of the lads were somewhat diligently using the curry-comb on stalwart horses and in the large cow-house the mysteries of milking were explained to the uninitiated. Some of the city boys are at first a little nervous of the stock, we were told by our guide, but willing learners as a rule so very well.

An interesting section of the Farm



Brigadier Sims chats with two future Canadians as they work in the hayfield.

to the Governor of the Colony, Colonel Cuthbert, and thus armed, boarded a fast train leaving London at noon. A little over an hour later, we alighted at Leigh-on-sea, a charming spot near Southend, a place familiar to thousands in Canada who hail from the Old Land. Here the bus conveyed us to within a short distance of the Colony, and a delightful walk through a shady tree-bordered lane brought us thither. The Governor was absent on business, but his obliging assistant, Brigadier Shaw, gave us a most cordial welcome. He courteously undertook to show us around the Colony, and incidentally explain how lads intending to

whose broad bosom may be seen vessels and ocean liners, on their way to distant parts of the world. Formerly, the Colony, before its acquisition by the Army in 1891, consisted of derelict farm lands, but by dint of wise management and hard toil has now become a veritable land flowing with milk and honey, the produce of which is readily absorbed by the ever increasing population of Southend, a city as large as Winnipeg.

Divided into several sections, the Colony contains a farm, dairy, market, nursery, repair, brickmaking and lad's department, in the latter of which, emigrants are given a short but intensive



Group of boys in training for farm life at Hadleigh.

chases might be made by the dwellers on the Colony.

The whole constituted a pleasing little village amid nature's sweet surroundings. Hard by the cluster of modern houses are the ancient ruins of the Hadleigh Castle, which contribute not a little to the beauty of the landscape, a reminder of bygone days.

Department is the piggery, where astoundingly fat sows mother their respective litters of pink offspring with maternal grunts of pride. Out in the field amid the sweet smelling hay, several future Canadians were busy with shining pitchforks. Noticing their healthy appearance we learned that

(Continued on page 12)

THE wonders of Wembley! Who shall describe them? Surely not one who has scarcely touched the bewildering array of marvels gathered from every nook and cranny of the British Empire, and who has had the limited experience of a single afternoon's visit. And yet, even so brief a visit is sufficient to crowd the mind with lifelong impressions, and fill one's heart to overflowing with gratitude to God for His goodness in providing prosperity to the Great Empire, of which Canada is no insignificant part.

Several miles through the throbbing heart of old London, on the top of a motor omnibus, brought us to our destination. The ride occupied over an hour, and every moment was filled with interest.

One could not help but notice the fact that the Army is notably in evidence by its Institutions, Buildings, and uniforms. At well nigh every turn there is something to convince the stranger that the Organization is an all-alive force for God and humanity in the great metropolis.

"The Army Pavilion?" "Oh, yes, sir! Just go over old London Bridge and you'll find it near the Canada Building," was the response from a courteous official in answer to an enquiry, when on the British Empire Exhibition being reached, the turnstile registered another visitor. Thither we hastened, but not without some difficulty, as on the right hand and on the left appeared in rapid succession new wonders. In the India Building, a dazzling white palace, a turbaned native wood-turner fashioned a piece of furniture, his primitive lathe being deftly manipulated by the string of a cross-bow—held tightly by his nimble toes. From the China Building, built pagoda fashion, issued weird music of one-stringed fiddles. A Zulu kraal transported one in a moment of time to South Africa. A scenic pre-

Wembley--Through a Western Canadian Officer's Eyes

sentation of Canada from Atlantic to the Dominion, held the gaze Pacific, into which was crowded every conceivable thing of interest pertaining to the globe were



Two Indian Officers outside the Army's pavilion at Wembley.

shown in endless variety and profusion. It was all indescribably marvelous and immense.

Suddenly, midst towers, minarets and domes of buildings, burst into view a familiar and welcome sight, the Blood and Fire Flag of the Salvation Army, its folds proudly rising and falling in the breeze. Guided thus, we soon found our way to the entrance of the main Pavilion, where in the bright, cheery interior, a Meeting was in progress, there being a large, deeply interested audience in attendance. On the platform, which was picturesquely arranged for demonstration purposes, an Officer in Indian costume was giving an announcement that the next item would be a tableau, depicting the last moments in the life of a Missionary Officer. The demonstration was wonderfully realistic, and the listeners, likely representing many parts of the world, were evidently deeply impressed and touched. The scene ended with the singing by several Comrades of the well known words, uttered by the dying Officer, "I have pleasure in His service."

Other tableaux followed of a strikingly interesting character, which included the winning to Christ of some idol-worshipping natives. Scenes of Indian village life followed, and a native chorus was also chanted to the accompaniment of a clanging bell. An earnest appeal for Christ and His service by the Officer in charge concluded the Meeting.

The visitor was pleased to note that in spite of the numerous counter attractions outside, the Army Pavilion was filled.

From the Pavilion, we crossed the street to the Army Trade Exhibit, where the making of silver-plated instruments was being demonstrated in the various stages of manufacture. Many a Bandsman from Canada would have been delighted to watch the many

(Continued on page 12)

THE WAR CRY Extracts from the General's Journal

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska.
 Founder: William Booth
 General: Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters,
 London, England
 Territorial Commander,
 Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,
 317-319 Carlton St.,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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Official Gazette

(By authority of the General)

International Headquarters

PROMOTION AND APPOINTMENT—

BRIGADIER MARY BOOTH to be Lieut.-Colonel and appointed Territorial Commander in Germany.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS, Chief of the Staff.

Canada West

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER GEORGE DICKERSON, to be Men's Social, Property, and Special Efforts Secretary.

MAJOR CHARLES ALLEN, to be Assistant Men's Social Secretary.

MAJOR GEORGE SMITH, to be Territorial Auditor, T.H.Q.

MAJOR HECTOR HASKIRK, to be Trade Secretary, T.H.Q.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HENRY TUTTE, to be Divisional Commander, Northern Saskatchewan Division.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MOSES JAYNES, to be District Social Officer for Southern Alberta.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILLIAM OAKE, to be Secretary of the Subscribers' Department.

Adjut. Robert Fullerton, to be Superintendent of Men's Social Work, Victoria, B. C.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

More Staff Changes

MAJOR (Dr.) MAY WHITTAKER is appointed Superintendent and Resident Doctor of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. She is now on her way from England, where she has had considerable experience in Salvation Army Hospital Work at the Mothers' Hospital in London. The Major also did splendid service in France during the war period.

STAFF-CAPTAIN (NURSE) HANSELL is appointed Assistant Superintendent at the Grace Hospital. She is accompanying the Major from England.

STAFF-CAPTAIN LILY BOND is going on furlough prior to taking up a new position which will be announced later.

Pars from the East

Founder's Day was celebrated by 4,000 Salvationists of the Queen City at Exhibition Park. Commissioner Sowton being in command of the proceedings. A continuous program from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m. was rendered by various Bands and Songster Brigades and the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards.

The extension to the Women's Hospital on Bloor St., Toronto, was recently opened and dedicated at a Meeting presided over by Commissioner Sowton.

His Worship Mayor Foster extended his very hearty congratulations to the Army on this latest advance and mentioned how impossible it is to overestimate the amount of actual good done by the Army in every city and by means of its varied Institutions.

(ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

(Continued from last week)

Language-learning Extraordinary — Christianity's Only "Living" Form—Offer to House Indian Antiquities—Day of the New-born King—A Broad-minded Unbeliever

Saturday, December 6th, 1924.—Very tired today. Walked an hour with F. The winter colorings very attractive, and the sunshine, after a week of London's own patent gloom, charming.

Correspondence, etc., with Smith at 11. My Dear One left for Meetings at Portland at 1.30. Smith again from 4.30 to 6.30; more correspondence.

Mary here on her way to a week-end engagement. Full of good news and happy stories of progress. Much in thought about her Field Officers, whom she greatly loves. News of dear Bojie (Brigadier, Denmark) more hopeful. Feel older today! Are the autumn leaves beginning to fall? Ah, well, I can say with John Milton:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
 Live well—how long or short remit to Heaven."

Read a little—Haldane's "Philosophy of Humanism"—it leads to God—and some of Benson's "Spiritual Letters."

Sunday, 7th.—To work at 9.15. Writing for one paper or another all day. Tea with Cliffe and Renee and Stuart. Today is the baby's birthday—and his father's! Committed them afresh to God for His service. Stuart makes rapid progress.—Taylor (Editorial), 4.30 to 6.30.

Monday, 8th.—Korean Government makes grants in aid of our work for Orphans. His Excellency the Governor very kind.

Eddie (Commissioner, Japan) reports successful visit to Peking for the Annual Congress there. Arrived in the city the day before General Feng took possession and cut communications. Speaks of a striking feature of the work—the freedom with which the overseas Officers one and all use the Chinese language. Took with him a Japanese Officer, who spoke in English and was translated into Chinese by a Canadian Officer! This deeply interests me.

Tuesday, 9th.—Important interviews. Blowers (Commissioner Sukh Singh) arrived yesterday from India. He comes to increase our resources at I.H.Q. and to take important responsibilities for Indian affairs.

Wednesday, 10th.—I see that in "The Letters of Olive Schreiner," she says, "The only living form of Christianity is The Salvation Army." I only wish that we had known her more intimately; I think we could have helped her soul. She was so sad.

Thursday, 11th.—Very serious fog in London for two or three days has put several important I.H.Q. Officers hors de combat. It has been really dreadful. One of our old East-End Salvationists whom God has prospered in his business sends me £250 for one of our Indian Halls. He writes:

"My heart is large; my donations are small. The Army's strain is my strain. The world for our Christ! Some crumbs I have gathered are in the enclosed (cheque).
 Praise God!

Saturday, 13th.—Not very well—head! Unusual for me. Did not go to I.H.Q. as intended. Smith with me for a couple of hours.

Rested in the afternoon and picked up. Walked an hour with F. Afterwards called on Cliffe and saw Stuart take his bath. Charming! Wrote a little. At 9 p.m. F. to her billet for Stratford tomorrow.

The Government requests me to name an Officer to sit on a Scottish Commission now appointed to inquire into certain offences against children.

Monday, 15th.—Much pleased with some chapters of new book, in French, on my Mother, by Mademoiselle Navelle, of Geneva. Will do good.

Lieut.-Colonel Emma Bown (retired), of the U.S.A., died yesterday. She was a loyal Salvationist and a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ. Came out from Lancashire. The last time I saw her was when she attended, as a visitor, my Councils in

Toronto a couple of months ago. Her face during those Meetings was illumined by a light from Heaven.

Tuesday, 16th.—Very interesting letter from Knott (Colonel, Chief Secretary, Canada West) re Alaska.

"You will be interested to know that the Congress of the Alaskan Indians at Wrangell was a very gratifying success. All we saw and heard and felt made me wish you could have been present."

Your Message was received with an earnest delight and warmth of affection that cannot be described. The whole of the Congress Delegates, numbering nearly two hundred, broke out into enthusiastic shouts.

"Some of the Delegates travelled nearly three hundred miles to be present, and taking the whole crowd, it would be difficult to find a better uniformed and well-behaved crowd of Salvationists in any of our Missionary centres."

Thursday, 18th.—To I.H.Q. with F. at 9.30. Many letters—Mitchell (Commissioner, Sweden), Bishop of Winchester, and others. Unsworth (Lieut.-Commissioner) to see me re his recent visit to the Queen, whom he found very kind.—Foreign Service Councils for some hours.

Wrote to the Mayor of Hastings offering to house Lord Brassey's antiquities. His Corporation cannot do so. Fully convinced the people here cannot know too much about India and its peoples.

Meeting of our Chinese Property-Holding Company.—Interview with two Officers going to India.

Saturday, 20th.—Still very poorly. Nothing to record!

Sunday, 21st.—Absent from home. Came away yesterday. Resolved on a few days' absolute quiet—no letters—no cables—no Press—no articles! First time for many, many years have ventured on such an audacious scheme, but feel I need it. A few hours' delightful quiet!

Monday, 22nd.—Very grateful for these days. No business today. In reading, came across this, which pleases me:

"The lighthouse is still a beautiful symbol, as it once was a beautiful reality. It stands for the supreme function of man on earth, and of which every one acts within the radius of his own circle. To transform the spirit of love into light for those who pass darkly through it—this is the function of the lighthouse. And the humblest human glow-worm who is true to himself is instinctively doing just that."

Tuesday, 23rd.—Very good night. Feeling refreshed. Walked an hour or two. Reading "The Mystery of Newman"—the Cardinal. Truly he was a mystery! What an influence he exerted, and in the main, I fear—and in the end—for evil. What that influence might have been for good! Nevertheless, his own experience in spiritual things was a wonderful one and in many ways very beautiful. What a man is, remains for ever of higher concern than what he believes!

Wednesday, 24th.—Some very delightful letters, with greetings for the season. Among them I specially note those from the Chief of the Staff and Hurren (Commissioner).

Thursday, 25th.—The Day of the New-born King! Feeling refreshed. Many affectionate greetings.

Not much work today. An important Officer writes me with regard to the League of Nations. He regrets that the U.S. holds aloof from the League, and, he thinks, misses an opportunity of which in the opinion of many eminent statesmen and of the choicest spirits in the world, does more to hasten the practical realization of the nearest approach to the Christian ethic than any yet offered to the human race." He also speaks of "the darkness and dangers that lie ahead of any civilization which excludes God and the New-born King."

Women's Social Notes

By Brigadier Annie Park,
 Women's Social Secretary

The glorious summer is here as evidenced by the beautiful flowers in bloom in the gardens and the trees bordering the avenues, affording shelter from the hot rays of the sun, as well as beautifying the city.

Many of the Social Officers are enjoying their well-earned furloughs, and there are yet a number who are looking forward for their turn to come.

Adjutant McAulay of Vancouver Social, is away at Prince Edward Island visiting her aged parents. Adjutant Shackleton of Kildonan Home, has just returned from a visit to Toronto. Several Officers of Grace Hospital have been visiting home and friends.

A very pleasing function took place at Grace Hospital last week, when a welcome was extended to Adjutant Knott, who has been appointed to the above Institution. The Adjutant has recently been engaged in Hospital work in Denmark, and speaks the Danish language fluently. She is a fully trained nurse and we shall greatly appreciate her services. The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Colonel and Mrs. Knott, and the Board of Management were present at the gathering. The Commissioner took charge of the proceedings, and in his usual genial way extended a hearty welcome to the Adjutant, and also to the newly Commissioned Officers, who had arrived a few days previous.

Brigadier Park spoke a few words of welcome to the new comers, as did also Staff Captain Bond. Lieutenant Jones spoke on behalf of the new Lieutenants, expressing gratitude for the opportunity of service. Adjutant Knott responded and spoke feelingly and impressively on a day in a nurse's life. We felt as she spoke, what opportunities for service for the Master are given to those who surrender their lives for the benefit of those who suffer.

We have parted with Adjutant Stride from the Kildonan Home, also Lieutenants Snortland and Kenny who have taken Field appointments, and we have received Captain Tisdale, Lieuts. Jackson, Partridge and Poole from the Field. To these Comrades we extend a very hearty welcome.

The members of the League of Mercy, under Sergt-Major Mrs. McKenzie, still toil on, bringing blessing and cheer to hospital patients and inmates of institutions and prisons.

Last Sunday, a meeting was conducted in the prison amongst the women, by Brigadier Park and Mrs. Major Carter, and a profitable time was spent. Two of the girls decided for Christ.

We thank God for all that is being accomplished in this great work amongst the unfortunate.

The Camp at Sandy Hook for poor mothers and children is now taking our attention, and the first group of between sixty and seventy will be going there on July 23rd.

What a happy time is expected again this year—games, hikes, bathing and many other wonderful things which will indeed prove a boon to these poor families.

Saturday, 27th.—Very good night. Returned to my post. Large accumulations of papers. Many cheerful and cheering greetings.

Monday, 29th.—Report from Hoggard (Commissioner, New Zealand) on his visit of investigation to the Fiji Islands. There does seem an opening for us, but he understands that the Home Government would prefer we did not enter there at present.

Interesting letters from Birkenhead (Colonel and Spiritual Special, Southern Australia) on work in Western Australia.—Bourne (Lieut.-Colonel), on his experience in India. Good!—Return of Lieutenant-form results of Toronto Meetings. Very encouraging.

Robert Buchanan died today. He was an unbeliever, but one of those great believers whose broad-minded tolerance and generous hearts attract all who know them. More than once he spoke up for The Salvation Army, and used his pen to help us.

Some Travel in the Territory

People's Service

It has been a source of pleasure to meet those who Mrs. Sims and myself who are now doing Officers. Others as People's workers and also doing good service. Thank God for their childhood have

While at the Headquarters many enquiries were made of the Territory, and I was give a good report.

Commissioner Sowton first Territorial Commander kind and was delighted to those who served his Command.

Colonel Morehen, staff were very kind, information concerning Adjutants-Porter and Scout enthusiasts, the Territorial Guard very patient, and the parties will be benefited. We are pleased to let Territory, and hope them something some ciprocate.

Now that our Col. pointed Adjutant a Territorial Scout and we shall see greater are moving surely, even Adjutant Green

Irwin are doing splendid and now that a Territorial been appointed, a Territorial from the Great L anticipated.

As I write these the Atlantic, the ship iceberg. The passengers their thankfulness to and thus the danger Thank God we are in

Adjutant Spooner of a man who, compass, said the reason was going out and The Adjutant is to to bother about iceberg he just wants to be passengers are shown, and yours truly at our table this me

Quite a lot of children and all show a real Army as representative Spooner and myself was held for them attended by most lessons taught them

While walking around several who were to talk. The Adjutant talk with the Orchestre appreciated.

A passenger in the of the days when a quartette of Lancashire parodied the Oldham missioner (then D.C.)

She informed me Rich was alright, and able to answer, "We the Lancashire lassie"

The ship is rolling are now in sight of

Major Carter

Major Carter week-end Meeting supported by Maj and Adjutant and Corps Officers, welcome. One S Drumhead on S came to the Pe Citadel on Sunday

The Meeting was Officers for Alaska Band marched to after two Open been held.

Some Travel Notes from the Territorial Young People's Secretary

IT has been a source of much joy of late to meet those who were Juniors where Mrs. Sims and myself were stationed, and who are now doing splendid work as Officers. Others as Bandmen, Young People's workers and local Officers are also doing good service under the Army flag. Thank God for those who from their childhood have known and served God.

While at the Headquarters in Toronto, many enquiries were made concerning our Territory, and I was glad to be able to give a good report.

Commissioner Sowton, Canada West's first Territorial Commander, was very kind and was delighted to hear of our progress. He wished to be remembered to those who served under him during his Command.

Colonel Morehen, T.Y.P.S., and his staff were very kind, and gave me much information concerning Y.P. activities. Adjutants Porter and Spooner, who are Scout enthusiasts, also Ensign Ellery, the Territorial Guard Organizer, were very patient, and the information imparted will be beneficial to Canada West. We are pleased to learn from our Sister Territory, and hope to be able to teach them something some day and thus reciprocate.

Now that our Commissioner has appointed, Adjutant and Mrs. Dray as Territorial Scout and Guard Organizers, we shall see greater developments. We are moving surely, even if slowly, to success. Adjutant Greenaway and Captain Irwin are doing splendidly in Winnipeg, and now that a Territorial Organizer has been appointed, a real move on, extending from the Great Lakes to the Coast, is anticipated.

As I write these notes while crossing the Atlantic, the ship is passing a huge iceberg. The passengers are expressing their thankfulness that the day is clear and thus the danger of collision is averted. Thank God we are in His keeping.

Adjutant Spooner is in that condition of a man who, complaining of poor business, said the reason was that everything was going out and nothing coming in. The Adjutant is too otherwise engaged to bother about icebergs, eating or writing, he just wants to be left alone. Other passengers are showing similar symptoms, and yours truly was the only one at our table this morning.

Quite a lot of children are on board, and all show a real regard for The Salvation Army as represented by Adjutant Spooner and myself. A special service was held for them on Sunday, and was attended by most of them. May the lessons taught them take deep root.

While walking around we came across several who were glad to have a little talk. The Adjutant had a nice spiritual talk with the Orchestra Leader which was appreciated.

A passenger in the third reminded me of the days when she, as a member of a quartette of Lancashire lassies, accompanied the Oldham Band, and our Commissioner (then D.C.) on a week's tour.

She informed me that Commissioner Rich was alright, and I was pleased to be able to answer, "We know that." Well, the Lancashire lassie is still saved.

The ship is rolling and so am I. We are now in sight of old England.

Major Carter at Edmonton

Major Carter conducted stirring week-end Meetings at Edmonton I, supported by Major and Mrs. Gosling and Adjutant and Mrs. Laurie, the new Corps Officers, who received a hearty welcome. One seeker knelt at the Drumhead on Saturday, and four came to the Penitent-Form in the Citadel on Sunday night. A feature of the Meeting was the farewell of three Officers for Alaska. On Monday the Band marched them to the station, after two Open-Air Meetings had been held.

THE COMMISSIONER

Thanks Officers, Soldiers and Friends Who Helped to Make the Self-Denial Effort a Success

My dear Comrades and Friends:

This issue of the "War Cry" gives the financial figures of the Self-Denial Effort and also shows how the money has been apportioned.

Let me say how heartily I thank you in the General's name, as well as in my own, for this splendid total. I know something of the tremendous amount of work that this Effort has meant as well as the real Self Denial involved. But you have both given and worked for His sake "who though He was rich, yet for OUR SAKES became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich." Giving and working for this motive always brings its own reward.

The Effort will help us with some of our heavy burdens, and for that I am more than thankful, but the greatest amount of satisfaction comes to me from the thought of what will be accomplished by your gift in the Non-Christian lands.

Let me thank you in the names of all our Officers who are working amid the difficulties and darkness of these far-away lands.

Let me, also, in the name of all the Men, Women and Children in these lands, thank you!

And once more in my own name let me say—

THANK YOU!

CHAS. T. RICH

Lt.-Commissioner.

Allocation of the Self Denial Fund, 1925

Cost of Appeal	\$ 7,494.33
Proportion to Divisions and Corps	9,949.05
Proportion to Territorial Funds	26,280.81
Proportion to Missionary Work	26,280.81
	\$ 70,005.00

With the Indians at Macleod

By COLONEL KNOTT, Chief Secretary

IT was upon the invitation of Major Penfold and the promise of an extraordinary occasion that brought us to Macleod on July 1st.

That the event surpassed our expectations is a very mild way of expressing our actual experience, and that we turned the occasion into a real gift for souls will but call forth a "Hallelujah" from all who know what we Salvationists are after in every circumstance of life.

The celebration in itself was unique as it was the first all-Indian gathering ever held in the West since the treaty was signed by the good white Queen (Victoria) in 1877.

Here we met representatives of the following tribes: the Bloods, the Blackfeet, the Stoney, the Sarcee, the South Peigans and the Sioux.

In proper Western style they commenced with a great welcome festival, when Indians from both sides of the border greeted each other fraternally and made merry together. Chiefs with such strange names as "Running Antelope," "Mike Mountain Horse" and "Tom Three Persons" made enthusiastic speeches as they each saluted the members of different tribes. It was an historical occasion in that the last time some of the older members had met were in their feudal wars and robbing raids upon each others territory. One of the important old Chiefs had brought with him a ghastly reminder of these days in the shape of a scalp stick upon which were fastened some human scalps.

It was estimated that not less than 2,000 Indians had been drawn together—some from long distances in the U.S.A.—while others had come

from remote places in Canada.

We were permitted to enter their encampments and were welcomed into individual wigwams. There we saw some old squaws cutting off meat in thin strips from great pieces of flesh, afterwards hanging it up over a fire to be smoked and dried ready for their "Chief's" next meal. Others were carefully guarding articles which were for sale, specially made with leather and decorated with many-colored beads. Some of these squaws were very old and ancient looking, as the photo on the front page this week discloses.

Everybody seemed more or less on pleasure bent. Indians mixed with the whites in dance halls and restaurants. There were also very suspicious indications of the impeachment against the white man that he has counteracted much of the good done and that could be done in the future by introducing the curse of the whisky bottle. But the glorious possibility of Salvation for all men at all times and everywhere has been demonstrated in our work for the Indians. So, in good faith we marched forth from the little Army Hall at Macleod with banners floating in the breeze, instrumental musical strains and songs of Salvation. It was doubted whether the auto-crowded streets would give us room for a Meeting, but as one pulled out we rushed in and "parked" for over two hours. The Meeting was well sustained. The earnest appeal and personal handshake with the Indians by Mrs. Knott, the solo and testimony by the Adjutant played its part, while Major and Mrs. Penfold and Adjutant Kerr rendered good assistance. A

PICKED UP

The Commissioner spent the week-end, July 11-12, at Saskatoon, where he conducted Anniversary gatherings. On Tuesday he visited the Sunny Valley outpost. Full reports will appear in our next issue.

Colonel Knott will conduct the Welcome Meetings and installation services of Major and Mrs. Layman at Vancouver I on Saturday and Sunday, August 8 and 9. The Major is the new Divisional Commander for Southern British Columbia.

On Monday, August 10, the Colonel will visit New Westminster.

He will then take the boat for Port Essington, where he will conduct the Native Indian Congress from Saturday, August 15 to Monday, August 17. Lt.-Colonel McLean will assist.

On his return journey the Chief Secretary will conduct a Divisional Inspection at Edmonton.

Lt.-Colonel Phillips will conduct the Installation Services of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tutte at Saskatoon, on Saturday and Sunday, August 8 and 9. The Staff-Captain is the new Divisional Commander for Northern Saskatchewan.

The following promotions are gazetted in the latest issue of the Toronto "Cry": Lt.-Colonels Noble and Adby to be Colonels, Brigadier McAmmond to be Lt.-Colonel, and Major Taylor to be Brigadier.

Brigadier Florence Easton, assistant to the Field Secretary of Canada East, is spending her furlough with friends in Winnipeg. We extend a hearty welcome to her and trust she may have a happy and profitable period of rest in the "Gateway City."

Adjutant Putt, whose articles in this issue will be read with interest, is due to sail from England on July 24th.

Adjutant Marsland has been transferred from the Field to the Men's Social Department and has been appointed to Brandon.

Sister Cory Taylor, daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, having successfully passed her examination, has been awarded a certificate as Sanitary Inspector by the Royal Sanitary Institute, London, Eng.

The following extract from a letter received by Major Joy from a lad immigrant brought to this country by the Army, is typical of many such expressions of gratitude and appreciation which reach the Immigration Dept. The writer, Stanley Jackson, of Maryfield, Sask., says:

"I feel it is my duty to write and thank the Salvation Army for their kindness in sending me all those good papers. I am doing fine on this farm and enjoying the health and strength given me by God."

large number of Indians listened long and attentively to the earnest appeals for their surrender to Jesus Christ. The drum served as a Penitent-Form, but the invitation to come and kneel by it struck the imagination of the crowd with dumb wonderment. One man spoken to confessed that he had once known the way of life; another with tears confessed his backslidings. The Indians were deeply moved and will not easily forget the strange spirit which moved them to tears and, let us hope, desire after God.

Statistics go to show that the Indians are more prosperous than heretofore and are actually increasing in number. This surely constitutes a call to us to take them the Salvation of Jesus Christ which, when experienced, will find ample happy expression in the Indians' natural liveliness of disposition.

AROUND THE WORLD

HAPPENINGS OUR WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Amundsen's Glorious Failure

THE exploit of Captain Amundsen in "chopping an air plane out of the Polar ice, leveling a starting field, and flying back in eight hours to contact with civilization," is hailed in aviation circles as one of the great achievements of modern exploration. Amundsen found that there is no indication of land near the Pole. The planes on descending must either find open water, which may immediately freeze and crush them, or flies, which are normally rough enough to wreck a machine on landing. Captain Amundsen expresses doubt of the significance and value of a mere flight over the polar area without landing.

The net accomplishment of this adventure, which has fortunately cost no lives, is discovery that the conditions in the neighborhood of the Pole do not invite air-plane visitation.

Altho this flight has been a failure, so far as its immediate purpose was concerned, it is to be hailed as a great achievement in human hardihood and courage and skill. It has not materially increased man's knowledge of polar conditions. It has, however, inspired boundless admiration for the men who risked their lives in it.

Vodka Drinking in Russia

IT is an ill omen that the Russian people have gone back to their vodka drinking. During the past year the production of this intoxicant has trebled and the Government, recognizing in it a good source of revenue, is operating 341 distilleries and announces that the alcoholic strength of vodka is to be increased to 40 per cent. Three hundred thousand illicit stills were confiscated during the past year.

The Russians seem determined to have their vodka, and the ruling authorities do not seem wise enough to keep it from them. It can but lead to national woe and waste.

British Policy in Palestine

THE British Secretary for the Colonies in replying to an Arab deputation from Palestine, pointed out that while giving the Jews an opportunity to make a national home in Palestine, Great Britain's object is to insure that the country is also a national home for the Arabs. The Palestine Government has not shown any favoritism to Jews over Arabs. Security and health are better than they ever were in the past. Education and communications have been greatly improved for the Arab. Immigration, it is true, has added 53,000 Jews; but on the other hand, the number of Arabs has increased by 80,000 in the same period of five years.

Tagging the Salmon

CANADIAN and American officials are now co-operating in efforts to conserve the salmon on the Pacific Coast.

The salmon are being tagged with a small metal disc which is inserted in the fish's tail. This disc is inscribed with the fish's birthplace, and when the fish is caught it is thus possible to ascertain its history. The information obtained in this way, it is believed, will be extremely useful in the arranging of definite protective measures.

The Pan-American Railway

PROGRESS is being made on the railroad which is ultimately to connect New York and Buenos Aires. Three thousand laborers are now working on the line in Central America and the link in Nicaragua will soon be completed. The Pan-American Union is collecting information as to the best route for the links still to be constructed in Panama, Colombia, Ecuador and Bolivia.

Getting Arrested for a Purpose

TO be known as the most arrested man in America is not a reputation that many men would covet, yet Mr. Edwin Brown is rather proud of the distinction. It is because, however, he gets arrested for a purpose, and has managed to stir up quite a lot of public opinion through being often run into jail. Mr. Brown is a rich man but has a deep sympathy for the moneyless and homeless vagrants who roam over this continent. It is his custom to dress in old clothes and pose

Racing to Complete Triumph

A CHEERING message was sent by Commander Eva Booth to the twelfth Convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union in session at Edinburgh. It read as follows: "Congratulations en route to dry world. Tell Britain every man's duty to throw his best into conflict against arch curse of all peoples. Social, economic, physical and moral betterment of the race demands this. Give no heed reports prohibition America ineffective. It is racing toward complete triumph. Those engaged in illicit traffic defeating themselves. The

The World's Darkest Corner

AN explorer who recently returned from a trip into the heart of Brazil in writing of his adventure in the "World's Work" says: "The corner of Death leads into the darkest corner of the world. In this tangle of mountains, jungles, and open plains in the Brazilian State of Matto Grosso are thousands of square miles of actually unexplored, unmapped territory, inhabited by no one knows how many thousands of savage Indians, among whom murder is practised as one of the fine arts.

"It is virtually unexplored; the world's darkest corner, and it is doubtless rich in diamonds, gold, minerals, vegetation that can be used for drugs, but also full of the dangers accompanying the tropical jungles—Indians, poisonous snakes, and weeds, fevers, insects, and man-eating animals."

His description of the scenery along this dreadful river is as follows: "The scene was an endless paradise of peace and flaming beauty. The banks were walled with forests and draped with the gorgeous colors of flowering vines. Over the silver sheet of the water flashed in a kaleidoscope of amazing color the wings of parrots and strange butterflies. Solemnly on the rocks along the shore stood countless long-billed ibis, flaunting their plumage in pastel shades of red, green, purple, and blue. Other fishermen, the graceful jaguars, lay daintily draped on branches over the stream where shoals of fish, feeding on floating petals, were so thick that a swift paw could scoop up a mouthful at will.

"All was enchanting peace. Yet I could almost feel the unseen eyes of the Chervantes watching our every move from among the trees."

It reminds us of the line of the famous mission hymn, "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." May the day soon dawn when the knowledge of the Gospel shall penetrate even to the "darkest corner of the earth."

House Building in Britain

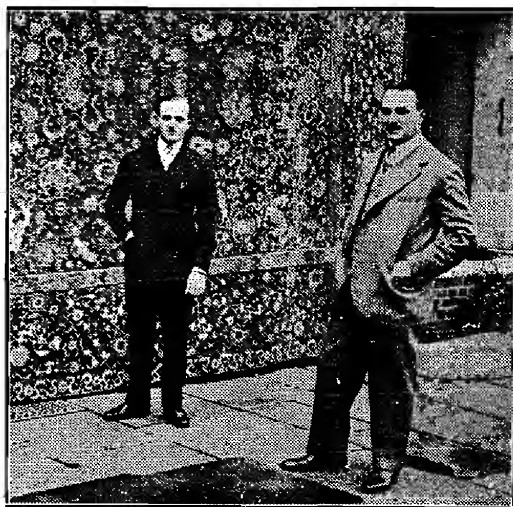
THE British Government has issued figures showing that in England and Wales, during the months ending March 1, 1925, there were completed 21,758 houses suitable for the working classes, as compared with 16,042 houses for the same period a year previously. At the beginning of March there were 54,586 houses under construction in connection with State assisted schemes, which was double last year's figure. It is hoped that 120,000 houses will be built during 1925.

What Fossil Remains Indicate

AFTER spending twenty eight months in South America, Professor Riggs of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, has returned, bringing with him many fossils of prehistoric animals. These finds suggest that South America was once isolated from the rest of the world and that the southern portion of that continent was not connected by land with the northern portion. In the Patagonian part of the Argentine a fossil forest was found which buried by a volcanic ash like Pompeii, was in an almost perfect state of preservation.

Women Letter Carriers

WOMEN as letter carriers in Great Britain have proved a success, according to Sir William Mitchell-Thompson, Postmaster General, who said recently that 4,200 women were now in the employ of the department in that capacity.



HALF MILLION DOLLAR CARPET MADE IN 1550 A. D.

The "Emperor's Carpet," which was recently sold by the Austrian Government to a British buyer, for \$500,000, was made in 1550, when the craft of carpet weaving was at its zenith. It was originally owned by the Safid Shah of Persia who presented it to Peter the Great of Russia, who in turn presented it to the House of Hapsburg. The photograph shows Mr. V. M. Bahar and his son, standing in front of a portion of the carpet, which they brought from Vienna under escort. The carpet measures 25 feet by 11 feet.

as a workman looking for work. It is his experience that more often than not he gets arrested.

On such occasions, when released, he would return to his hotel, dress like the prosperous citizen he is and then call on the Mayor and the city editors. He would plead for the establishment of a municipal lodging house where honest workmen, whose only crime was that they were moneyless, could get clean and comfortable lodgings overnight.

"I have associated intimately with tramps, from coast to coast," he says, "and have been thrown into jail often with young men who had never been there before. They were guilty of no crime except that of being broke. I never knew of a case in which it did not embitter them. Often I've heard them declare that if they were to be made jailbirds anyway, they might as well be criminals, too."

It is gratifying to be able to record that in a number of cities his visits have brought about immediate action on the part of the civic authorities, and some splendid municipal lodging houses have been erected where men can obtain a bath and a bed and have their clothing disinfected. This is a great help to casual laborers.

dry cause a moral force against which no weapon can prosper.

Motive Power in Sweden

AFTER having ruled supreme for 100 years, steam is being routed in Sweden as motive power in transportation both on land and sea. The most recently published statistics show that of all the boats now under construction in Swedish shipyards, more than 80 per cent are to be propelled by motors, and on the railroads the old fashioned locomotives are being discarded in favor of either electrical engines or motor trucks. Having no coal and plenty of water power, Sweden intends in time to electrify all its railroads.

Electricity in Lhasa

IN the sacred and forbidden city of Lhasa in Tibet, the abode of the Grand Lama, which is associated in people's minds with prayer wheels, beads, monks and isolation, electric lights are soon to illuminate the ancient temples. Ancient rules will not be violated, however, in the installation of the equipment. All the work will be done by Tibetans, and the temple of the Great Lama will be wired by inhabitants of the Lamasonry or monastery.



Helps for Songster Bri

No. 7.—SINGING MARC
By a Songster Leader
Let us take a splendid musical Songster Leader S. J. Osborn, Musical Salvationist, August, 1925.
The dynamics in the operation follows: Forte with the word tones accented. This Songsters seems very difficult reason is evident.

Let the Songster or Songster who finds such accented words possible, start with Hah, Hah, Hah, giving two beats to each starting the Hah loudly and becoming quieter. Keep this up every day for a few weeks difference will soon be noticed self and others.

Now sing Joy, not Jaw, as heard. Don't sing Jah, but it be Jaw-ee. Take the tones of the march and sing Jaw-ee, Jaw-ee, Jaw-ee, singing them over and over again you can pronounce the above.

The A movement should be very slow, care being taken every word and when the distinct, increase the speed. I fancy I hear some Songster say, "Oh, I did not know that I needed to go to this trouble." Answer is, "Nothing is done out a lot of trouble and hard Can you picture a Band playing at all well, coming to practice and only playing practice night and Sunday night? You would do well to take more seriously and to practice every day for at least four.

Vancouver III B

This Band is not the largest Territory, but it accomplishes a deal of work. It is ever ready to do anything that will benefit not only financially, but the to opportunities of blessing.

Bandmaster M. Fuller Army musical career 24 in the Winnipeg 1 Band organized the Vancouver III B six years ago, when there a few who could play and brass instruments. Today man plays a silver-plated "The Bandmaster is of a tiring nature, but puts in effort to make his Band a Brother J. Fowler as Band He is one of the old time and his life speaks for Secretary E. Fitch is one blood, but knows how to Band finance.

Altogether there are Bandsman; eight of these service in other Bands, two their musical careers in V Band only, and eight are the Junior Corps.

Chocolates and S

While a Bandsman in t was cycling home one evening in a motor car, asking him the way to a After the Comrade had the gentleman handed him chocolates with the remark "pray for me." The quick to grasp his opportunity accepting the gift said to man: "This is very good of God, which is Eternal ter. He also gave His S The gentleman blushed and I know, but while my gift, God's gift was He then went on his way tell what the result will man and Songster."



World's Darkest Corner

Explorer who recently returned on a trip into the heart of the world's darkest corner, in a writing of his adventures in the world's darkest corner, leads into the darkest corner of the world. In this tangle of jungles, and open plains, the Brazilian State of Mato Grosso, thousands of square miles of unexplored, unmapped territory, by no one knows how many of the savage Indians, among whom order is practised as one of

virtually unexplored; the darkest corner, and it is doubtless in diamond, gold, minerals, that can be used for drugs, full of the dangers accompanying the tropical jungles—Indians, snakes, and weeds, ferals, and man-eating animals."

Description of the scenery along the river is as follows: "The river is an endless paradise of peace and beauty. The banks were thick forests and draped with silver sheet of the water, a kaleidoscope of amazing colors of parrots and strange birds on the rocks. The shore stood countless long-flaunting their plumage in shades of red, green, purple. Other fishermen, the graceful, lay daintily draped on over the stream where fish, feeding on floating leaves so thick that a swift paw up a mouthful at will.

The enchanting peace. Yet I feel the unseen eyes of countless watching our every move among the trees."

It is of the line of the vision hymn. "Where every case and only man is vile." "I say soon dawn when the of the Gospel shall penetrate the darkest corner of

Working in Britain

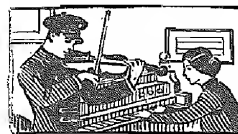
The British Government has issued a decree that in England and the months ending March 1925 were completed 21,758 men for the working classes, as 16,412 houses for the same previously. At the beginning there were 54,586 houses in connection with schemes, which was double the previous. It is hoped that 120,000 will be built during 1925.

Remains Indicate

Ending twenty eight months in America, Professor Riggs, Museum of Natural History, returned, bringing with him prehistoric animals. These animals that South America was once the rest of the world and that portion of that continent was by land with the northern Patagonian part of the soil forest was found which volcanic ash like Pompeii, the perfect state of preservation.

Carriers

Letter carriers in Great Britain have proved a success. William Mitchell-Thompson, General, who said recently that 10 women were now in the department in that capacity.



Helps for Songster Brigades

No. 7.—SINGING MARCHES

By a Songster Leader

Let us take a splendid march of Songster Leader S. J. Osborne in the Musical Salvationist, August, 1924.

The dynamics in the opening are as follows: Forte with the five first songsters accented. This to most songsters seems very difficult and the reason is evident.

Let the Songster or Songster Brigade who finds such accented notes impossible, start with Hah, Hah, Hah, Hah, giving two beats to each Hah, starting the Hah loudly and gradually becoming quieter. Keep this practice up every day for a few weeks and the difference will soon be noticed by yourself and others.

Now sing Joy, not Jaw, as is often heard. Don't sing Jah, but rather let it be Jaw-ee. Take the first three tones of the march and sing slowly, Jaw-ee, Jaw-ee, Jaw-ee, Jaw-ee, singing them over and over again until you can pronounce the above quickly.

The A movement should be taken very slow, care being taken with every word and when the words are distinct, increase the speed.

I fancy I hear some Songster say, "Oh, I did not know that Songsters needed to go to this trouble." My answer is, "Nothing is done well without a lot of trouble and hard work." Can you picture a Bandsman who plays at all well, coming to the Band practice and only playing on practice night and Sunday night? Songsters would do well to take their work more seriously and to endeavor to practice every day for at least half an hour.

Vancouver III Band

This Band is not the largest in the Territory, but it accomplishes a great deal of work. It is ever ready to do anything that will benefit the Corps, not only financially, but they are alive to opportunities of blessing souls.

Bandmaster M. Fuller started his Army musical career 24 years ago in the Winnipeg I Band. He organized the Vancouver III Band over six years ago, when there were only a few who could play and only a few brass instruments. Today each Bandsman plays a silver-plated instrument. The Bandmaster is of a quiet, retiring nature, but puts forth every effort to make his Band a blessing.

We are very fortunate in having Brother J. Fowler as Band Sergeant. He is one of the old time warriors and his life speaks for itself. Band Secretary E. Fitch is one of the young blood, but knows how to manage the Band finance.

Altogether there are eighteen Bandsmen; eight of these have given service in other Bands, two have spent their musical careers in Vancouver III Band only, and eight are products of the Junior Corps.

Chocolates and Salvation

While a Bandsman in the Old Land was cycling home one evening, a gentleman in a motor car called to him asking him the way to a certain town. After the Comrade had directed him the gentleman handed him a box of chocolates with the remark, "Please pray for me." The Bandsman was quick to grasp his opportunity, and in accepting the gift, said to the gentleman: "This is very good, but the gift of God, which is Eternal Life, is better. He also gave His Son for you." The gentleman blushed and said, "Yes, I know, but while my gift was unconditional, God's gift was conditional." He then went on his way, but who can tell what the result will be?—Bandsman and Songster."

For Our MUSICAL FRATERNITY



A Song in the Night

And its Effect Upon a Young Woman Who Was Drifting into Worldliness

By BANDSMAN J. R. WEBSTER, WINNIPEG I

THE first glimpse we have of the subject of our story is in the Methodist Church at D—, a thriving Manitoba town, on a certain Tuesday afternoon.

The occasion is the funeral service of Mr. S—, a well known lawyer of the town, who died suddenly, while at the tea-table, on Sunday, in his home.

The old Minister had just finished reading, "The sting of death is sin, but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Miss A— had risen to sing. One could have heard a pin drop; only an occasional sob broke the silence.

Soloist in the Choir

Long before she had come into woman's estate, while her hair still hung in curls about her shoulders, she had been the soloist in the choir and she had never failed to stir that congregation, which for the most part was made up of men and women long past the noontide of life.

As she sang the chorus:

"God shall wipe away all tears. There's no death, no pain, no fears, And they count not time by years. In that City four-square,

she looked squarely down at the widow, at whose side sat Mr. S—'s brother, Alex, and the widow, in spite of her sorrow, which weighted her at the moment, saw a glint of silver at the edge of her dark cloud, because she believed God would "wipe away all tears."

Such was the effect of Miss A—'s singing, that through the rest of the service, and also later, at the graveside, strong men wept and women sobbed interminably.

It was not many months after this incident that Miss A— left the Choir, forsook her Bible Class, and, to put the matter into Army phraseology, became a "backslider."

Her young man had no more use for Churches. Religion was all right for these old retired farmers and other old

fogies, but why should any church put a ban on young folks dancing or going to spend Sunday down at the Lake?" he said.

The following summer we find Miss A— with a girl friend, down at the Lake for the week end. They had motored out on Saturday evening, had danced till midnight in the Pavilion, and had spent Sunday between swimming, jolling around on the beach and reading in the tent. "This is the life," she thought, as she retired at a late hour on Sunday night. "Is it though?" said something within her, long since thought dead. "Wouldn't you feel better if you had put a full day in as you used to do, between the choir and the Bible class?"

"I did really think I had all the joy in life then," she thought. "but one was tied down to all sorts of fads and fancies of religious folks, who seemed to contrive to rob young folks of all their pleasure." She mused thus for a long time in the tent, when the strains of music reached her ears—then—silence!

Could she be dreaming? but no, there it was again. This time she recognized the tune. "Sun of my soul;" men's voices, accompanied by a cornet, took up the singing of the verse:

"Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die."

How sweet it sounded, she thought. "Oh, how much truth is there really in it, I wonder?" then her thought went back over all the years in the church, one event chasing the other through her mind.

There Was Music Again

Hark, there was the music again! "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," "I wonder who that can be?" she said, as she woke her friend to listen to the playing. "Let's go down to the beach and see." Away out on a pier, which stretched several hundred yards out into the Lake,

were silhouetted the figures of several men; occasionally a burst of laughter reached their ears; the men seemed to be having a good time, but what an unearthly hour to be out. It was almost 2 o'clock in the morning.

Again the music started. "All hail the power of Jesus," name—And crown Him Lord of all."

That was all—the men came walking back to where two autos were waiting right down by the Beach, and were soon speeding back to town.

The next Sunday Miss A— came to Mr. Alex. S—, the Sunday School Superintendent, and told him she wished to have her Bible Class back again. "And," she added, "I'm taking my place in the Choir this morning. I've already seen the Choir leader."

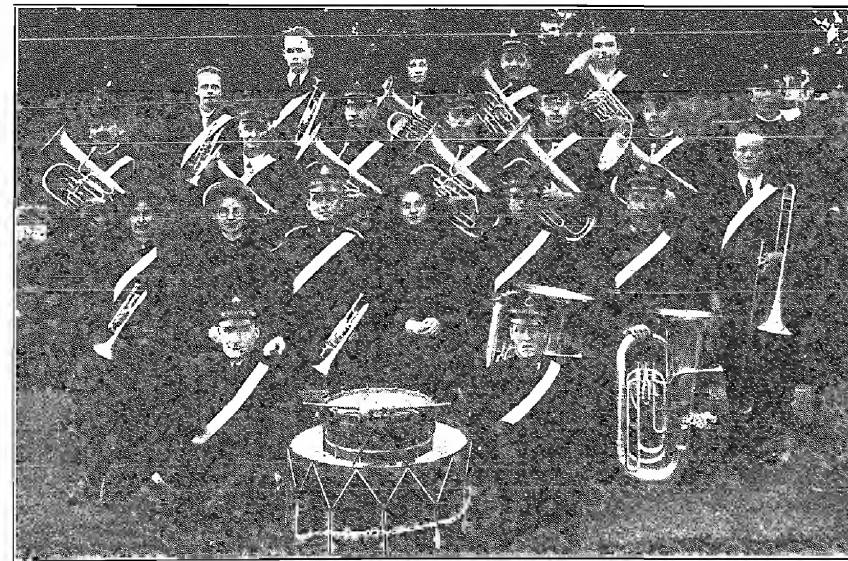
She commenced relating the happening of the previous night, but he interrupted her.

"We had the Salvation Army Band in town," he said. "Some of them came home for late supper with me, and I suggested taking them for a late spin down to the Lake before they went back to their car. Mr. M— came along too with his car and we coaxed the boys to take their instruments along with them. They seemed to enjoy themselves and so did we, but their joy will be inexpressible when I let them know the result of their 'joy-ride'; that their playing and singing were the means of your restoration."

"Yes, please tell them that I had a revelation that early morning on the beach, and like Paul, 'I was not, disobedient to the Heavenly Vision.'"

Awakened Memories

The St. James Band were holding their Open-Air last Sunday. Instead of a selection, the Bandmaster chose three simple hymn tunes, the last of which was, "Art thou weary?" The boys put their souls into that piece of music, and their efforts were rewarded. A man stepped from the crowd to the Bandmaster and asked in a voice which shook with emotion, "Say, will you play that last hymn again, please?" The man was deeply affected. Pray for him.

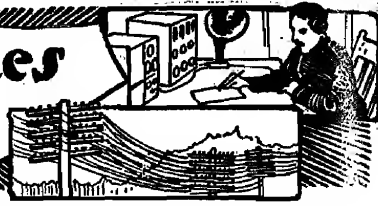


THE VANCOUVER III BAND

Top row, from left to right: A. Tonzeau, A. Fitch, M. Hutchings, Wm. Sparks, H. Tonzeau. Third row: J. Beddon, J. Fowler, G. Warner, L. Fitch, E. Fitch, H. Brown, Color Sergeant S. Orr. Second row: W. Fitch, Captain I. Watt, Bandmaster M. Fuller, Lieut. E. Anderson, Wm. Pierce, P. Tonzeau, H. Hutchings. First row: R. Young & M. Saddler.



Latest Despatches from the Field



Saskatoon Citadel

Ensign and Mrs. G. T. Mundy. On Sunday, July 5, the Ensign's address carried great conviction.

The afternoon Open-Airs held in a residential part of Nutana attracted good crowds and the music of the Band in these parts was much appreciated and favorably commented upon. The late Open-Air Meeting at night drew a large crowd also, and the attention on this occasion was very encouraging. Bandsman Vincent, formerly of Moose Jaw, has been welcomed to the Band and is at present playing the bass trombone part. Deputy-Bandsman Waterhouse and Band Secretary Symonds of Regina were welcome visitors during the day and lent much appreciated service.

In observance of Founder's Day the Ensign took advantage of an opportunity in the night Meeting to eulogize the great work which General Booth commenced on Mile End Waste, tracing the growth of the Organization in an interesting manner up to the present day.

The following evening Staff-Captain Oake of Winnipeg presided at the presentation of three large wall mottoes which will add to the appearance of the Citadel. No. II Corps united for the occasion and City and Divisional Officers were in attendance.

Biggar

Captain and Mrs. Joyce. It was our privilege to have Major and Mrs. H. Habkirk with us on Saturday and Sunday, July 4 and 5, and also their three boys, from Saskatoon. Ensign Jones paid us a visit during this weekend too. God was with us and His presence was strongly felt throughout the weekend. On Saturday night a rousing Open-Air was held, and we believe much good was accomplished.

The Sunday morning Holiness Meeting was a time of refreshing to our souls. Mrs. Major, Habkirk and Ensign Jones both spoke to us, after which Candidate M. Murdie and Corps Cadet L. Murdie sang a Holiness duet. The Major delivered an inspiring address.

The Major also addressed the children in the Company Meeting, after which we held an Open-Air at the lakeside.

The theme of the night Meeting was Salvation, and this was proclaimed with no uncertain sound. A quartette was rendered by Captain and Mrs. Joyce, and Candidate and Corps Cadet Murdie, after which the three Habkirk boys and Captain Joyce played a selection. Mrs. Major Habkirk spoke forcibly, and we believe that much good was done thereby. —C.M.M.

Winnipeg VIII

Ensign and Mrs. Sharp. We had good Meetings on Sunday, July 12. The morning Holiness Meeting was the means of much inspiration. One Sister sought the blessing of a Clean Heart.

Despite the fact that a number of the Guards are away at Sandy Bay Camp, we had a record attendance of 184 at the Company Meeting.

The night Meeting was a time of blessing. The Ensign spoke effectively from the text "Ye must be born again." In this Meeting, three of our Young People, Verna, Linda and Connie Smith, travelled for Fort Frances. These Young People have been attached to the Corps for some time and have rendered good service. They are all saved and one is a Corps Cadet.

During the impressive Prayer-Meeting, two young women came to the Mercy-Seat, one coming for a fresh blessing from God and the other seeking Salvation. —Watchful.

Battling for God at North Battleford Comrades Travel 45 Miles on Bicycles to Attend Holiness Meeting—Seven Soldiers Enrolled

Ensign Reader and Captain McDowell. The tide of Salvation is still steadily rising. God is being glorified and sinners are being saved.

The weekend Meetings were inspiring, both indoors and out. A good Kneecrawl was well attended. Brother Ramm and his family came two miles to attend the Kneecrawl.

This Sunday being the Army's Diamond Jubilee celebration we had a grand time—one which will not be easily forgotten. Two young men travelled on their bicycles forty-five miles in order to attend the Holiness Meeting, having to start at 5 a.m. They said that their souls were hungry, so they came to the Mercy-Seat. God met them and filled their hearts to overflowing. Two dear Sisters also came for the blessing of a Clean Heart. What a glorious time! It seemed to us that heaven came to earth that morning. One Brother remarked that he was so filled with blessing that the Lord would have to enlarge his heart to contain it.

Lumberjack Seeks Salvation at Red Deer

At Red Deer recently the Officers were leaving the Sunday night Meeting feeling somewhat disappointed. They had fought hard all day, but not one had sought Salvation.

Just as they were leaving, the building in the dim light of the evening, the tall figure of a man stumbled past them into the Hall and flung himself at the Mercy-Seat.

"I couldn't stay away," he said, brokenly. "I sat through the Meeting, and at last got up and left, because the Spirit of God was striving with me. I'm a backslider. I got saved here last year and had a glorious experience, but when I went to the lumber camp I lost my hold on God and gave in to temptation. I had to come back to the Hall, the love of God drew me, and now I'm glad—so glad!" And so were the Officers, for he got gloriously saved.

Fort Rouge

Captain Schwartz and Lieut. A. Weeks. The welcome Meetings of the new Officers, both on Tuesday evening and all day on Sunday, were seasons of much blessing and inspiration to the Comrades. Congregations at all gatherings were very gratifying, and the attendances at the various Open-Airs were exceptionally good. In the Sunday morning Meeting a woman who, in a subsequent testimony, said she had never, until that occasion, been in an Army Hall since she left the Old Country several years before, came to the Mercy-Seat and received the blessing of Full Salvation. Three Sunbeams also gave themselves to God. In the evening a girl was converted. The Soldiers of the Corps are in good fighting trim, and desire nothing more than to help the Officers and to "Go for souls, and go for the worst."

At the Sunbeam Parade on the following Monday, a very hearty welcome was extended to the Captain and Lieutenant, both by Leaders and girls. The recent Guard Picnic, held in Assiniboine Park, was a very happy and comradely occasion.

Lieutenant Mildred Weeks, of the Grace Hospital, has also been welcomed as a Soldier of the Corps. —D.O.J.

The Open-Airs were splendid. There were thirty in the march preceding the Salvation Meeting. When the Memorial Service was held, the Ensign read the lesson. Captain McDowell soloed with great sweetness, bringing the blessing of God near. We had three souls saved, then to finish up, there were seven enrolled—two Juniors and five Seniors. We are glorying in the fight at North Battleford. We are proud of the Army to which we belong and feel that the Diamond Jubilee was appropriately celebrated in the number that sought God for Salvation and Sanctification, not forgetting those who were enrolled under the Colors of the dear old Army Flag.

We are sorry to report that one dear Sister dropped dead recently. The funeral service was conducted in the S.A. Hall, the building being crowded to capacity. Everyone was of the opinion that it was the most impressive funeral service that has ever been held in North Battleford. We felt the presence of God very near. —J. Smith.

Winnipeg Citadel

The Editor Leads Sunday's Meetings. The weekend Meetings were well attended in spite of the intense heat. Major Church was in charge on Sunday. Adjutant Kerr, assisted in the Holiness Meeting.

In the afternoon the Band cheered the patients and staff at the General Hospital.

The Young People's Band jumped into the breach at the Citadel and rendered most acceptable services. Some bright and interesting testimonies were given by a number of Comrades and the Major related the story of his conversion.

Good Open-Airs were held throughout the day, and large crowds were reached.

Among those taking part at night were Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Phillips, Commandant and Mrs. Lawson, Adjutant Holmgren, Sergeant-Major Williams, Y.P.S.-M. Black, Brother Smith and Sister Mrs. Nelson, all of whom gave stirring testimonies or aided by song or prayer. The Band also rendered good service.

Major and Mrs. Church sang together and the Major gave a gripping address which riveted the attention of the audience in spite of the torrid heat.

Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. On Sunday, July 4th, Mrs. Adjutant Acton spoke in the Holiness Meeting in the disobedience of King Saul. She brought out Saul's hypocrisy in going to Samuel. In closing, Mrs. Acton invited those present who had secret sins in their hearts to come and confess to God.

In the afternoon, it being Founder's day, three or four Comrades spoke of occasions when they had seen and heard the Founder. Among the speakers was Sister Mrs. Stride, an old Soldier of the Christian Mission days.

In the night Meeting five Sisters and two Brothers were enrolled under the Army Colors. It was good to note that seven of these were Young People. The Adjutant spoke of the Founder and his early day, persecutions, and went on to say that although he suffered much, it was small in comparison to the persecution and sacrifice of Jesus. He spoke also of the Founder's love for sinners, emphasizing also the undying love of Christ for every sinner. The Meeting closed with one man at the Mercy-Seat.

On the Monday night, at the Y.P.

Selkirk

Captain Stratton and Lieut. Beattie. On Friday, July 3, we had a Solemn tea at which Honorary Sergeant-Major Moore was the guest of honor. He was enrolled thirty years ago and is one of our oldest Soldiers.

We also welcomed Lieut. Beattie. We are delighted to have her with us. She is a thorough Salvationist and we believe that the Lord will smile upon her work.

We also said farewell to Sister McPherson, who has been assisting Captain Stratton for the past nine months. She carries with her our loving wishes for her future labors.

In the midst of the program, the Salvation Crusaders arrived and we had a rousing Open-Air Meeting until 10 p.m. It was a real day of service. In the evening we held two Open-Airs, one before the Meeting and one afterwards, which lasted about forty-five minutes. That Meeting was a real joy. Large crowds listened with close attention. We feel sure these Open-Air Meetings will prove a source of much blessing. —N.M.

Roseland

Captain Stunell and Captain Baker. We have recently said farewell to Captain Roskelly and Lieut. Christenson who have labored faithfully in our midst during the past year. We pray that God will bless them in their present appointment as He did during their stay with us.

June 28th, being the farewell Meetings, Sgt.-Major Dally and Brother Clemas spoke on the progressiveness of the work since last June. On the Monday we had a farewell supper for the Officers, and a goodly number of Soldiers were present.

We have now welcomed Captain Baker into our midst and are determined to rally around her. Captain Stunell has not yet arrived, but we are hoping to have her with us soon. —Candidate F. B. Cook.

Moose Jaw

Ensign and Mrs. Cubitt. We have said goodbye to Adjutant and Mrs. Jones and have welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Cubitt. The weekend Meetings were very well attended.

On Sunday, two men came forward for Salvation. A good time was experienced all day Sunday.

Our Corps Correspondent is away on his honeymoon in the Old Land, and Sgt.-Major R. G. Smith is endeavoring to fill his place while he is away, and we hope to be able to send in some good reports to the "War Cry." —S.M. R.G.S.

Four Souls at Fort Frances

Captain Roskelly and Lieut. Habkirk. We were sorry to say farewell to Candidate McKay. She will have cause to remember her last Meeting in Fort Frances. God was very near and blessed the efforts put forth.

Three young men sought Salvation and also one hardened sinner, making four souls for the day. God is blessing the work here and we mean to go in for souls. —C.C. Wm. Evers.

Meeting, Bandsman William Weir spoke on the life of Commissioner Raitton. He showed himself a very capable speaker, holding the attention of the audience for half an hour.

We have had a number of visitors this weekend, whom we were glad to see. Brother Snyder from Winnipeg, who is an old Y.P. worker of this Corps, Mrs. Staff-Captain Lundrum from across the line, and Bandsman and Mrs. McAllister from Portland, formerly of this Corps. We were pleased to hear from Captain Christie and Captain Tisdale on Monday night. —A.R.A.

The

Chaplain
A FURTHER
MORNING came, the day day stealing slowly that Harry had known shadows reluctantly receded, but the light seemed to be a worn arm-chair, shoulders, sat Harry's arm, excepting for a few or went, and then only to had abandoned all idea preceded her, in fact the eased sufficiently for him the doctor had succeeded of the poisonous liquor. herself to leave him, and had been drinking was sleep.

Haunting Memories
So she sat on, alone in the long, dark hours of sleepless eyes still were on the bed when the darkness.

And those thoughts of her boy's innocent admonitions of mispent time. He had grown up so quickly, since he had started work at the shops just less than two years before was no longer her "litt" and there seemed to be slowly but surely widening apart them. They had such close pals; now her thoughts to himself unquieted by innumerable questions.

The thought of his promising life being squandered, of his wantonly sacrificed to alcohol, hurt her too deep expression. Indeed the made was so near the verge of her that the anguish refused to overflow through flood gate of weeping.

She could not weep.

but brood, and brooding the pent-up sorrow more until she thought it must break her heart.

And there seemed she could do. Nothing and, in faith, leave her with God. But the way was such a dark, helpless times, or so it seemed, breaking mother-heart, child herself because in Divine Providence "all things should work" she loved Him.

Damnable Birth

She had told Harry had warned him to a drink. She would give the assurance that he that was his hereditary damnable birthright under its influence had of less value than if more it seemed she She could influence, but he must fight the defeated. His love for ever knew heart beat, full restraining influence ready demonstrated it appetite that was in.

Harry stirred as quietly left the room she made some hot, hardly rubbed the elephant with a cup of little plate of toast "O mother!" he into his cheeks, "you

My

The Winding Trail

By C. D. B.

Chapter IX

A FURTHER STEP

MORNING came, the dull-gray light of a Winter's day stealing slowly into the little bedroom that Harry had known since early boyhood. The windows reluctantly receded into the remotest corners, but the light seemed cold and cheerless.

In a worn arm-chair, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, sat Harry's mother. She had not left him, excepting for a few moments before the doctor went, and then only to put on her clothing. She had abandoned all idea of sleep. Harry had not needed her, in fact the pain of the poisoning had eased sufficiently for him to sleep very shortly after the doctor had succeeded in emptying his stomach of the poisonous liquor. But she would not permit herself to leave him, and the shock of knowing he had been drinking was too much to allow her to sleep.

Haunting Memories and Premonitions

So she sat on, alone with her thoughts, through the long, dark hours of the morning, and her sleepless eyes still were watching the restless form on the bed when the light had fully routed the darkness.

And those thoughts were haunting memories of her boy's innocent childhood, and harassing premonitions of misspent manhood.

He had grown up so quickly, it seemed since he had started to work at the shops just a little less than two years before. He was no longer her "little boy," and there seemed to be a gulf, slowly but surely widening, separating them. They had been such close pals; now he kept his thoughts to himself unless probed by innumerable questions.

The thought of his bright, promising life being squandered, wantonly sacrificed to the god alcohol, hurt her too deeply for expression. Indeed the hurt it made was so near the very heart of her that the anguish of it refused to overflow through the flood gate of weeping.

She could not weep. She could but brood, and brooding made the pent-up sorrow more intense until she thought it must surely break her heart.

And there seemed nothing she could do. Nothing but pray and, in faith, leave the results with God. But the way of faith was such a dark, helpless way at times, or so it seemed to her breaking mother-heart, and she chided herself because she had so little confidence in Divine Providence and the promise of God that "all things should work together for good" because she loved Him.

Damnable Birthright of So Many

She had told Harry of her fears for him, and had warned him to shun the very temptation to drink. She would gladly have given her life for the assurance that he would not yield to the craving that was his heritage—and which has been the damnable birthright of so many others, also, who under its influence have sold their souls for a price of less value than Esau's mess of pottage. But more it seemed she could not do. It was his life. She could influence, remonstrate, advise and pray, but he must fight the battle himself or be utterly defeated. His love for her, as strong and true as ever knew heart beat, would, she knew, be a powerful restraining influence upon him, but it had already demonstrated its weakness in the face of the appetite that was inherent with him.

Harry stirred as if to awaken, and Mrs. Bell quietly left the room and went to the kitchen where she made some hot coffee and toast, and he had hardly rubbed the sleep from his eyes when she returned with a cup of the steaming liquid and a little plate of toast on a tray.

"O mother!" he said, a slight flush creeping into his cheeks, "you are too good to me."

"There now," she returned, smiling faintly, "that will do. Eat this bite of breakfast and don't talk too much. You are not feeling very well, I guess."

"You're right, mother. I have such a raw feeling in the pit of my stomach."

"Very well, eat and talk afterward," she answered.

Harry followed her counsel and while she sat in the arm-chair near by and watched, he silently and thoughtfully ate the simple breakfast she had prepared.

"Fraid I'll not get to the shop to-day," he said, looking into the cup after the last drop of coffee had disappeared.

"A little rest will do you good," his mother replied, and then to change the subject she continued, "Would you like another cup of coffee? There's plenty."

"Wouldn't mind a bit, mother. That first cup was sure delicious."

Several mornings passed before Harry was able to eat his breakfast at the little table in the kitchen. The Doctor had made daily visits during that time, and two or three of the men from the shop had dropped in to inquire about him.

When he returned to work more than a week



"The next game Harry was dealt a hand."

had passed, and it was with some misgivings that he met the foreman just outside the office.

"Why, good morning, Bell!" McGregor exclaimed. "Hear you've had quite some dose. What was the trouble?"

"Poisoning, sir," Harry faltered, and he could feel the hot blood rush to his face. "But it's good to get back again," he added quickly as he noticed with relief that McGregor was apparently in total ignorance of what the nature of the poisoning had been.

Hated the Deception of It

"And it's good to see you again, too," the foreman answered with a smile as he strode off toward an engine that had just then pulled into the round-house from the night's run.

Harry watched him swing off across the oil-soaked floor of the shop and he bit his lip in self-condemnation. He had succeeded in keeping McGregor in ignorance of what was still his secret, he thought, but he hated the deception of it, and somehow, all day long, he felt a tinge of shame creep into his face when he met the foreman in the office or yards, and he discovered himself trying to avoid meeting McGregor as the day wore on.

And he was somewhat surprised that McGregor appeared not to notice this change from his usual open frankness of manner, which he felt sure must at least be evident in the tell-tale expression of

shame he could almost feel gripping his face whenever the foreman came into view.

But McGregor did see, and he knew Harry's secret. The doctor had met the foreman a day or so after his visit to the Bell home and in answer to McGregor's direct inquiry had told him the facts of the case as he knew them. But Harry had been so regular at work that McGregor determined to overlook the week's absence for his mother's sake and feign ignorance of any of the details. Later that afternoon Harry met Griswald near the tool-house. It was the first time he had seen him since their ill-fated visit to the saloon after the theatre party, and as chance would have it he was alone.

"Hello, Harry," he said as Harry came within hailing distance. "It's been-sometime since I saw you. How do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm all hunky-dory now," Harry replied. "Never felt better in my life, only I've got sort of a sneakin' feelin' every time I meet the boss."

"Forget it, boy," Griswald said, and as he spoke he stood up and looked thoughtfully at Harry. "The boss likes to drink whenever he feels like it, and you never mind him at all!"

Harry's admiration for Griswald had become almost hero-worship, and whatever Griswald said was final on any subject, whether of law or ethics. His feeling of being deceptive throughout the day, and the desire to free his conscience of the thought of his moral responsibility to the company and excuse his absence, made him ready to accept Griswald's advice. He was willing to agree that, after all, he was his own boss and McGregor had neither right nor reason to meddle in his personal affairs.

Intellectual Treatise on Moralities

"I know how you feel," the older man continued. "I've been there myself. It's sort of a sheepish feeling, you know, but it's just because your conscience is still young and tender. You'll get over that though, after you've lived a few years longer and seen a bit more of life as I have seen it. It's not best to have too tender a conscience in this world. The man who puts up a bold, polished front gets there every time, right or wrong, and that's what counts."

This intellectual treatise on moralities struck Harry in just the desired manner and his bump of admiration for Griswald was slightly further inflated. He felt that he was not capable of making any reply when Griswald paused for breath and a fresh start, so he kept silence.

"Don't you let the boss inflict any of his personal opinions on you," Griswald continued. "Stand up to him like a man, and he'll think more of you. And say, son," he went on, his manner and tone becoming a bit more confidential, "do you play cards?"

"Never learned," Harry admitted, "although I've always thought I'd like to know the game," he added with a little swagger.

"Right!" the other assented. "A man who doesn't play a bit of poker and gamble a little now and then is lopsided, in my judgment."

"You play, eh?" Harry queried.

"Oh, yes. I've been a good sport in my day. Played too much, I'm afraid, but then there's no harm in the game, you know; it's how you use it. You can misuse anything. Tell you what," and he spoke as if he was about to offer Harry a half share in a gold mine, "I'll get up a little game over at the room to-night, and you can slip over after supper and I'll break you in on the game. Bring a couple of dollars along and maybe you can clean up a bit, too. You ought to learn."

If Griswald thought he ought to learn that was conclusive as far as Harry was concerned, and so an early hour that evening found him the fourth member of a little party in Griswald's room. A game was in progress when he arrived, and although he was somewhat taken back to find a partly emptied whisky bottle, with a seltzer and several glasses on the table, he assumed as much of the air of bravado as possible, and on Griswald's invitation took his place at the table.

The next game Harry was dealt a hand, and Griswald began his first lesson in the art of playing poker.

(To be continued)

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1: 10

We are looking With the Salvation Crusaders



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 217, 219 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2911-Jones, William Charles, alias "Midnight Slim," age 32. Profession, schoolmaster, later cattle rancher, now believed to be a general peddler. Native of Abington, near Colchester, England. Single. Blind in left eye. Left England for Canada in 1915, thought to be in Winnipeg or district. Good news awaits him.

622-Drake, Percy Albert V. Age 27. Height 5 ft. 8 in. Probably working on the land. Last known address Warrenton, Manitoba.

643-Trenner, Ingolf, age 20. Norwegian. Single, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Last heard from Christmas, 1923, on the S.S. "Alma" of Norway, at Vancouver, B.C.

644-Matheson, Henrik, Norwegian, age 62. Last heard from about 25 years ago. Occupation, tailor.

645-Fredriksen, Nicolai, Norwegian, age 62. short. Last known address—Klondyke, Alaska. Occupation, saw digger.

646-Bright, Clara Leslie, age 33, height 5 ft. 7 in. Mixed colored hair, light blue eyes, fair complexion. Domestic, native of Darmouth, England. May be under the name of Watling.

647-Nielsen, Einar, Swedish, age 28, left Denmark in the spring of 1924 for Ellmore, Sask., but later moved to Regina where he underwent an operation in the hospital there. Thought to be working in the forest wood-cutting.

650-Jensen, Christian Fred August, Dane, medium height, fair complexion. Supposed to have run small shop in 1915 in Edmonton, but later in the same year moved to Coleville, Sask.

652-Pierson, Annie Alice, age 63. Left England 1905 for Canada. Father's name Charles Richardson, died at Islington, London, England. Good news awaits her.

654-Matheson, John August, Swede. Widower, age 65, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Missing since 1900. Last known employer O. Berglund of Winnipeg.

655-Messner, Emil Rudolf Edick, German, age 32. Came to America in 1912. Last heard of in 1917 from San Francisco, California. U. S. A. but thought to have sailed for Alaska, single.

657-SPECIAL—Mrs. Mildred E. Flander, age 30, 5 ft. 2 in., weight 160 lbs. Red hair, brown eyes, full round freckled face. Left Boston, U.S.A., January 1924 with three children—Rebecca, age 8; large and dark complexion; Herbert, age 5; light hair, blue eyes.

658-Gilbert, Gerald, alias Gill, Canadian, age 16½, height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 158 lbs., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, school boy. Wears glasses. Heard from recently at Banff, Alberta. See photo.

659-Sherlock, Mrs. Beatrice, nee Levett. Last heard from in 1908, General Delivery, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Friends anxiously enquire.

622-Rae, Thomas, age 43, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Mill worker. Native of Glasgow. Left about 12 years ago for Winnipeg.

620-Whitridge, Howard Richard, age 28, height 5 ft. 7 in., brown hair, and eyes, dark complexion, born in Ontario. Returned Canadian Soldier (wounded). Has worked as a chef, watchman and clerk, and may be working on trains or boats as chef or clerk.

493C-Mr. Corrie, age 40, 5 ft. tall, fair complexion, blue eyes, teeth not good. Walks very erect. See photo.

495C-Ellison, Brodie, alias Hunter, Scotch, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 180 lbs., auburn hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion, occupation house-keeper, married, missing four months. Last known address Vancouver, B. C.

499C-Featherstone, D. J. Last known address G. P. O., Edmonton, Alberta, settled on farm in that district.

600C-Carter, Alexander, Red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Born in Liverpool, England. Last heard from seventeen years ago in Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., working on a fruit farm.

2910-Mann, Albert, age 45, medium height, blue eyes, dark hair, fair complexion, and near under one eye. Last heard from at P. O. Albert, Sask., in 1922. He was a railroad man there.

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By the Chariot Spotlight

WELL here I am all ready for business, spick, span and shining, mounted near the windshield of the Salvation Army Motor Chariot. Truly I have been accorded an honorable position in life and I mean to shine as best I can in order to serve my owner well.

I wonder what it is all about—this bright, new van with its comfortable interior and its exterior of bright vermilion and gold lettering with crest? But here comes the Captain and Sergeants and perhaps I will learn more about my new home.

Discussing Plans

The Captain is discussing plans, arrangements for provisions, etc. Ah! so we are going on a journey. I am all ears as I do so want to know more about what the future holds for me. So that is it! How glorious! I am learning much from their conversation, and how delighted I am to learn that this Chariot is destined for work for the Master and will travel throughout the province of Manitoba during the summer months telling forth the glad old story of Jesus and His love. I am anxious to be off and a trifle impatient, but soon we shall be headed for the prairies and our life's work. What a blessing we hope to be, what a help to the poor, the lonely, the desolate and the lost, in the rural places of our great province. May God grant that it may be so.

The Chariot is loaded, the Officers swing aboard, the engine hums and as a fond farewell is waved to Headquarters Officers we move off headed for the open prairie, messengers with a message with but one desire, the saving of souls and helping of the people! May the blessing of God rest upon us.

After a forty-six mile run we arrive at Elm Creek where preparations are made for our first Open-Air Meeting. The Captain mounts the platform and our work is begun. The people evince deep interest and join in the singing of old songs most heartily and after the message is earnestly delivered by the Charioteers we close in prayer. This is most enjoyable work and I am sure we are in for a good time in this service.

Off to Carman where we hold a children's Meeting and in the afternoon an Open-Air on the main street, a goodly crowd present and very friendly and attentive. The lights are becoming prominent now during evening Open-Airs and I feel a spot light is not of much use here. However, I

shall be patient and perhaps I can help soon.

Away we go to Morden for the evening and are pleased to find a crowd awaiting which grows until close to 300 are present. The crowd comes up very close and as the Meeting progresses the Spirit of God is evident. The speakers are deeply stirred and the people are moved. After an impressive service and as the appeal was made a deep hush came over everyone. The invitation was given to the drum-head and after a fight one soul—woman—came forward and knelt at the drum-head, weeping bitterly. Truly God was present. An appeal for hands for prayer was made and from different parts hands went up, evidencing the sincere desire of the individuals concerned for a change of nature. For two and a half hours we carry on and after we closed four souls came forward and professed to having accepted Christ whilst standing on the sidewalk. Glory be to God! A backslider of six years and an ex-Salvationist was restored and promised to link up in Winnipeg where she was about to move. What a wonderful Meeting! We feel that the town was stirred as never before at this unusual occurrence on its main street. The Charioteers were given a great impetus in their work for truly God has been gracious to them.

Two Lads Seek Salvation

Darlingford, Manitou, Pilot Mound followed in succession and again the Officers rejoiced over two lads of 13 and 14 seeking Salvation at the platform of the van in the latter town.

Ever on the move and now we are in Killarney for the weekend. Our party is joined by a fourth member which considerably helps as shown in the Meetings. Much talk is held in the Chariot and I learn that Major Joy is to pilot our activities over the weekend. Our first move is an Open-Air in the fair grounds. Major Joy is in charge and the people are very attentive throughout. At night a big Open-Air is held on the main street and a very blessed time is experienced. We make a hurried visit to Holmfeld, Cartwright and then back to Killarney for another evening Open-Air. Major Joy's novel methods attract a large crowd and the message goes home and at the finish a direct and distinct invitation is given to the Mercy-Seat as was the case in all Open-Airs conducted here.

On Sunday we were at the Erskine Memorial Church where a very helpful service was held.

On the Sunday previous, Brigadier Shaw informed us, ten of the lads knelt at the Penitent Form in the Army Hall, situated on the Colony grounds, and it was gratifying to learn that the percentage of the colonists who decide for Christ is very high. The Brigadier was delighted to be informed by Brigadier Sims of the number of lads who had become Corps Cadets in the West.

In connection with the Colony there is a successful Corps having a large Soldiers' Roll, the spiritual efforts of which are highly successful, especially so far as the lads are concerned, many of whom have been enrolled as Soldiers before leaving for their new country overseas.

We were about to take leave of our kind hosts, when round the bend of the road and the main drive rolled a motor conveyance. It contained a new batch of boys. On enquiry, we discovered they were bound for Canada—via Hadleigh. A few moments later the two visitors from Winnipeg trudged down the lane to the bus, greatly enlightened because of their visit to the Army's farm Colony, and ready to announce to all and sundry, that Hadleigh is a splendid "stepping stone" to the Dominions across the sea.

Keep close to duty. Never mind the future, if you only have peace of mind. Be what you ought to be, the rest is God's affair.

Coming Events The Chief Secretary

Vancouver I Sat., Sun., Aug. 8-9 (Installation of new Div. Commander) New Westminster Mon., Aug. 9

NATIVE INDIAN CONGRESS Port Essington Sat.-Mon., Aug. 15-17 Lt.-Col. McLean will accompany

LIEUT.-COLONEL PHILLIPS Saskatoon Sat. Sun., Aug. 19 (Installation of new Div. Commander)

MAJOR PENFOLD Medicine Hat Sat. Sun., July 25-26

At Grace Hospital

One of the many happy memories associated with a recent week-end spent amongst the Officers and Nursing Staff of the Hospital, was the visit to the customary weekly Meeting which is conducted with the girls there. Somewhere about fifty were present and a bright, cheery Meeting was held. That much lasting good is done at these gatherings was clearly evidenced by the number of very evidently sincere testimonies which were given by the girls. The Meeting was led by some of the Officers, and Sister Mrs. Toole, of the League of Mercy, did the Bible Reading.—D. O. Joy.

Fielding, Sask.

(Bigger Outpost) We are glad to report good times had. Our meetings on Sunday afternoons are well attended, and much interest is taken in our Bible messages. We are now sowing the good seed, and we are trusting God to see the reaping thereof.

On July 17 we had a picnic which was well attended. We finished the day with a Salvation Meeting, led by Captain and Mrs. Joyce, assisted by Candidate and Corps Cadet Murdie of Winnipeg. Their singing was greatly enjoyed.—Envoy Mansell.

Estevan

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. The advent of the new Officers to Estevan has been of a most pleasing character. Already they appear to have got well into the harness, visiting being a strong policy with considerable success.

Ensign Cooper and the writer visited the Corps on Sunday, July 12, and a very fine spirit prevailed. In spite of the great heat the Comrades turned out well to the Meetings. A number stood for full Consecration for service.

At the close of the day's battle a fine Open-Air was held in the cool of the day.—Envoy Smith of Regina.

Wembley Through a Canadian Officer's Eyes

(Continued from page 5)

interesting process, through which the metals must pass before becoming shining delights of beauty and usefulness.

Various decorated stalls displayed Army goods to advantage, and also needlework done by the girls in Army Institutions in the Homeland and in India.

A Visitor's Book invites inspection and is, incidentally, a wonder in itself, the leaves bearing signatures of persons from all parts of the world. Duly we added our own, and were about to pass on when a detaining hand was laid upon our arm.

"Are you from Winnipeg?" came the enquiry. We admitted it. "Then do please remember me to —." This was only one of many such requests during our visit. Canada West has a warm place in the hearts of those who have either been to the Land of the Maple, or have friends there.

A feature of no little interest to the Salvationists visiting the Exhibition, and which is paid the compliment of many admiring glances, is the very fine portrait in oils of General Bramwell Booth.

The literature of the Army, be it said, is given a deservedly prominent place, and peering from the rack containing "War Cry" from all over the world, we observed with satisfaction the Canada West production.



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